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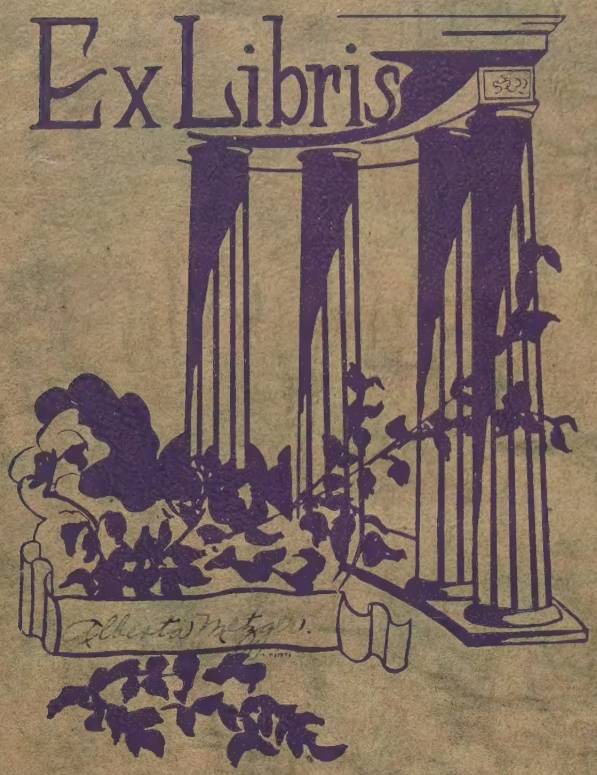

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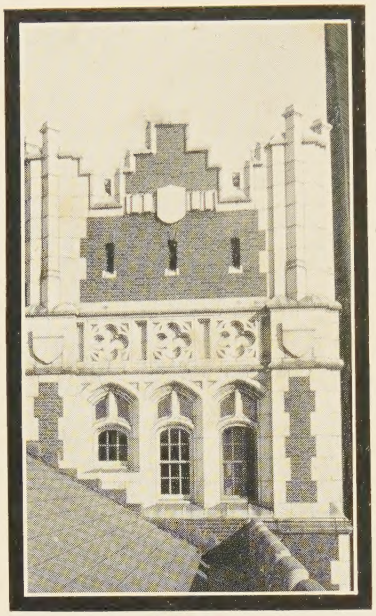

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by
Z. LaVerne Daring
Editor-in-Chief
1924

The
PURPLE
and
GOLD
1924

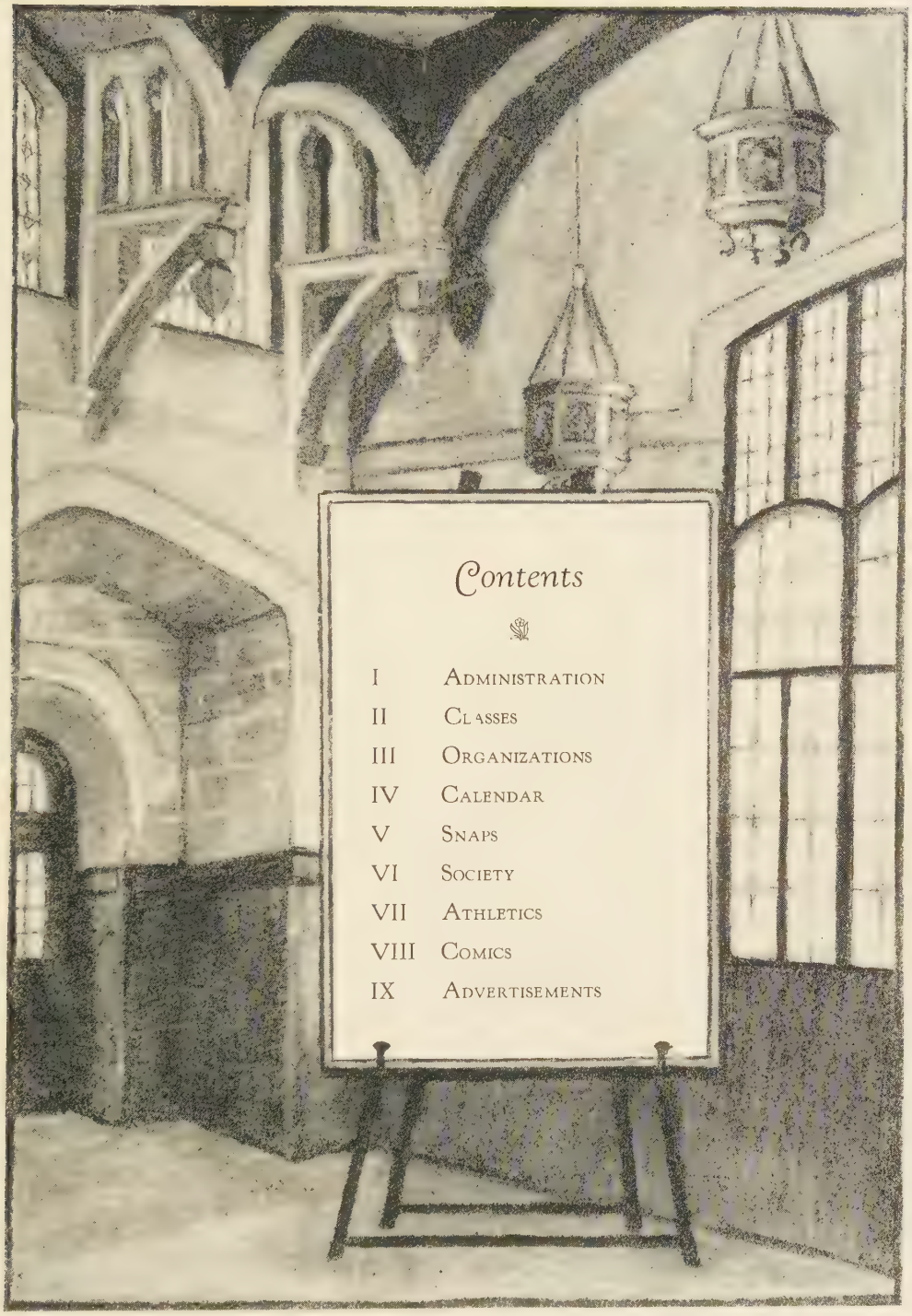
Mr. Merritt C. Nauts

Dedication

IT is with a sense of satisfaction that we dedicate this tenth anniversary number of the PURPLE AND GOLD *to Mr. Nauts. He has worked untiringly, eagerly, to advance the standard of the publications of the school. He has cheerfully forged ahead. He has achieved, in a considerable measure, the ideals toward which his efforts have been tending. In dedicating this book to him, we endeavor to show our appreciation for the help he has so generously given in the cause of a bigger, better Waite.*

Foreword

As time mellows friendship, so let it mellow the imperfections of this chronicle, a memorial of days spent in WAITE HIGH SCHOOL.



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Z. LaVerne Daring

Annual Board

1924

Editorial Department

Editor-in-Chief
Z. La Verne Daring

Associate Editor
Dorothy Pasch

Harold Meyers

Literature

Helen Frye, Miriam Bender, Mary Wright, Ralph Brown

Organizations . . . . . Mabel Schmidt
Social . . . . . Dorothy Pasch
Athletics . . . . . Kenneth Orwiler
Girls' Athletics . . . . . Edith Weidner
Snap Shots . . . . . Wanda Shiffler
Calendar . . . . . Mary Standish
Comics . . . . . Wardell Jett
Art Editor . . . . . Orville Goldner

Assistant Art Editors

Zenas Hartman, Anton Laczko

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Harold Meyers

Earl Goodyear, *Advertising Manager*

Charles Fell, *Assistant Business Manager*

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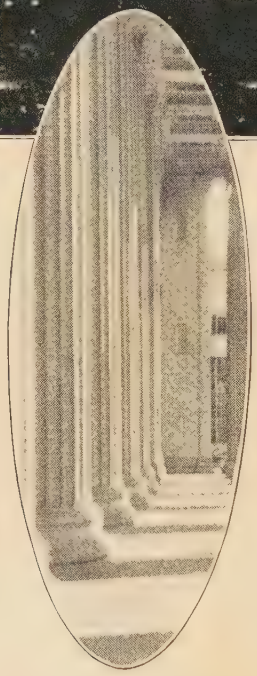
Allan Thompson
Benjamin Minder
Douglas Luschen
Lorin Kerr
Adelaide Buchholz

George Straubinger, *Secretary and Treasurer*

Geraldine Larkin, *Typist*

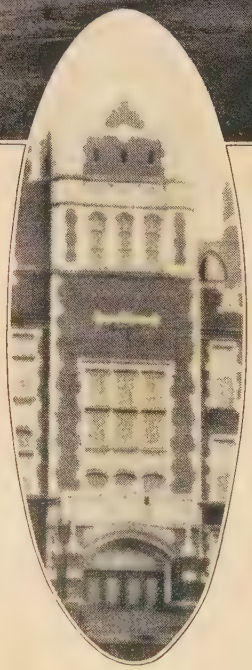
Faculty Advisors

Literary . . . . . Mrs. A. Allen
Financial . . . . . Mr. M. Nauts
General . . . . . Mr. J. A. Pollock
Art . . . . . Miss F. Carpenter



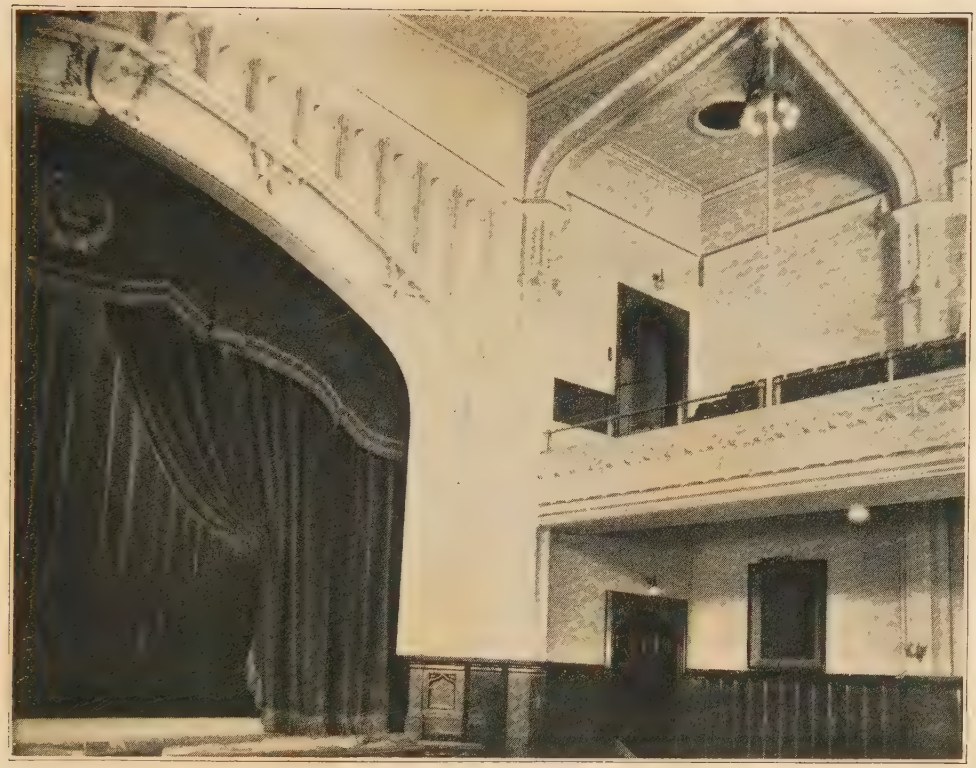
The Art Museum

A treasure-house is this, which holds
The best thoughts of all time;
We delve into its lavish store,
For precious gems of wondrous lore,
Gems set, so rich in ancient mould
Rich in scented books, so brown, so old,
Of magic art from olden time.



Waite High

Waite High! Could I but picture half thou art
In some June morning bright amid the gold
And emerald of sun-lit slope and bowl . . . . . .
Your lofty towers, stately halls impart imposing grandeur.



Mrs. Allen, our school mother, solves all our difficulties and patiently listens to all our troubles. Her calm serenity tides us over the stormiest school upheavals to which she gives her time and her assistance. She is ideal as a teacher and as a friend. Mrs. Alice Allen in her own individual way is an institution in Waite High School.

Mr. Charles S. Meek
Superintendent of Schools

Board of Education

Mr. Charles Feilbach, *President*

Mr. William E. Wright
Judge Julian H. Tyler
Mr. Thomas A. DeVilbiss
Mr. William C. Carr

Mr. J. A. Pollock

Mr. Pollock centers his efforts on what he deems his main task—the welfare of Waite. He sees life sanely, and cares for the great common values. He is human, and friendly, and interesting, and stimulating—and there you are!

The Office Force

Announcements, grades, even lost articles—who knows all about them? The office force! To Miss Wickenden, Miss Howe, and Miss Wemp we owe the solution of many a knotty problem. They listen to our troubles, and, better still, they find a way out. They know when we need a building permit, and when we only think we do; when we've really lost our locker key, and when we've absentmindedly mislaid it. They foresee situations with a sureness that is alarming. In fact, when we come to think of it, what don't they know! We are grateful to them for their assistance, and we want to pass the good word along—make friends with the office force!

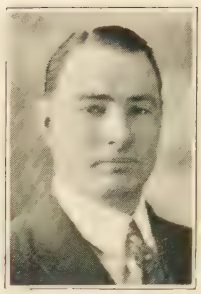
The Faculty

As we turn toward various fields of new endeavor we pause gratefully to think of the teachers at Waite. Through their untiring interest in us and our activities, their sympathetic understanding, and their helpful suggestion, they have taught us to be what we are. They have made an impression on us which time itself can not erase.

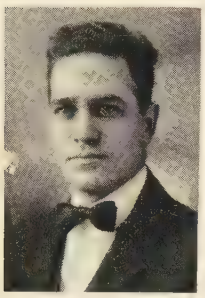
We take leave of them with appreciation for their companionship, and, through the years, we shall count our association with them as one of the privileges of our high school course.

Faculty

Mrs. Alice Allen



Mr. Ward E. Bricker



Mr. Walter B. Baird

Miss Pauline Brown

Miss Helen Beecher

Mr. L. L. Canfield

Lee L. Canfield

Miss Fon Boerger

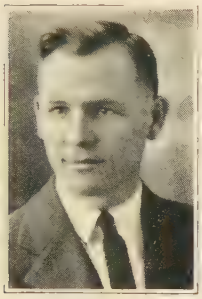
Miss Flora Carpenter

Flora L. Carpenter

Faculty

Mr. C. E. Collins

Miss Mildred Cowell

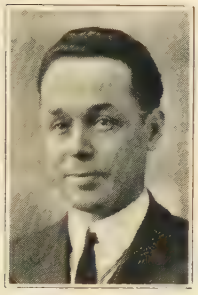


Mr. J. C. Collins

J. C. Collins

Miss Ellen Foote

Ellen Foote

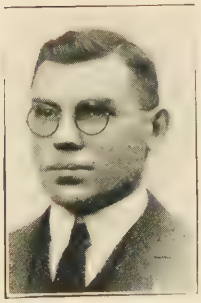


Mr. E. W. Combs

E. W. Combs
5-26-24.

Miss Anne Garver

Anne M. Garver.



Mr. C. C. Coontz

Miss Grace Gibson

Faculty

Miss Josephine Goodall

Miss Ethel Jackson

Miss Marguerite Griffith

Miss Harriett Kimble

Miss Ruth Hogan

Mr. F. W. Klag

Miss Lula Howard

Miss Bernice Krueger

Faculty

Mr. R. R. Leach

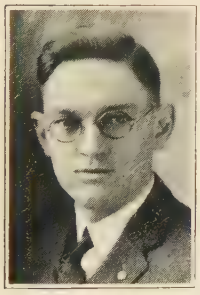
Miss Louise Nelson

Miss Ethel Lickley

Miss Kathryn Newbirt

Mr. F. W. Mathias

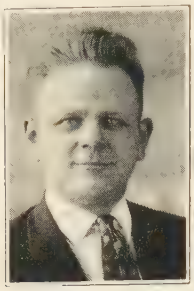
Miss Laura Pafenbach



Mr. Merritt Nauts

Miss Alma Paschall

Faculty



Mr. E. H. Price

Miss Sarah Waite

Miss Mary Roache

Miss Nelle Wales

Mr. M. B. Severance

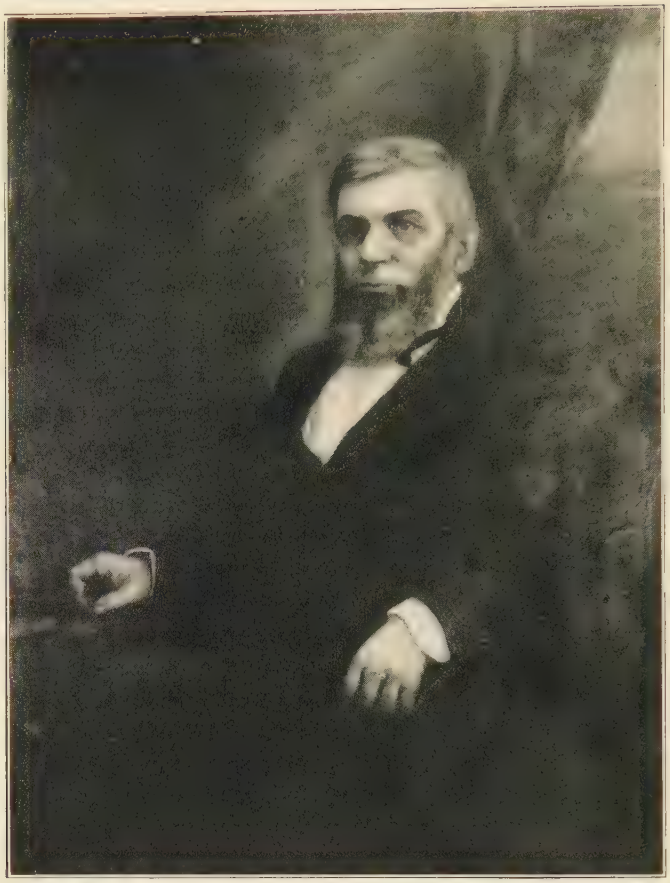
Miss Olive Wright

Miss Barbara Grace Spayd

Mr. Alvin M. Youngquist

Faculty

Mr. Clarence Ball
Mr. David E. Brown
Mrs. Crystal E. Brown
Miss Victoria Carson
Miss Anna Commager
Mr. John W. Ehrle
Miss Emma Fenneberg
Mr. J. W. B. Foley
Miss Marguerite Hall
Mrs. W. E. Hall
Mr. F. E. H. Jaeger
Mr. O. E. Lutz
Mr. Eugene L. Miller
Mr. George I. Pearsall
Mrs. R. B. Reynolds
Miss Genevieve Ryan
Mr. C. Carl Sterling
Miss Marie Stoll
Mr. A. W. Stuart
Mr. G. V. Sutphen
Miss Consuelo Thwing
Mrs. Maud Werner
Miss Bessie Werum



Morrison Remick Waite

Morrison Remick Waite was born at Lynne, Connecticut, in 1860. After he was graduated from Yale, he moved to Maumee, Ohio, where he began the practice of law. In 1871 he was chosen to act on a tribunal of arbitration at Geneva, Switzerland. Several years later, President Jackson appointed him Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court the highest position ever held by a Toledoan.

Waite High School is proud to be named after so great a man as Morrison R. Waite.

HARTMAN

Senior

The Senior Class

MOTTO . . . . . *Alta Petens*
COLORS . . . . . *Tan and Maroon*

OFFICERS

JEREMIAH MONTGOMERY . . . . . President
MARY STANDISH . . . . . Vice President
MARGARET WATTS . . . . . Secretary
LOUIS HALBACH . . . . . Treasurer
JAMES WICKENDEN . . . . . Sergeant at Arms

ANNABEL ACKLEY, 1544 Michigan Street ..... Elective

"A maiden of our century, yet most meek."

RUTH AHLFORS, 1026 Marmion .... Ruth Ahlfors ..... Long Commercial

"A mind at peace with all below."

LEILA ALLEN, R. R. No. 8, Box 82, West Toledo ..... Long Commercial

"Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng."

THEODOSIA ALTHAUS, 260 Maryland Avenue ..... Elective

"Modest, simple, and sweet."

ESTHER ANDERSON, 408 Oliver Street ..... Elective

"As good be out of the World as out of the Fashion."

ROSE BAGE, 1205 Mott Street ..... Long Commercial

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."

RAYMOND BAKER, 1204 Waverly Avenue ..... Long Commercial

"Pride was in his mien, and grace informed his speech."

RALPH BAYEAT, 1455 Superior Street ..... Elective

"What spirits were his, what wit, and what whim."

GAYLORD BANCROFT, 1408 North Erie Street ..... Elective
"The trick of singularity!"

DAVID BASSETT, 630 Elm Street ..... Elective
"I will think no man's thoughts, and will dream no man's dream."

ARTHUR BECK, 193½ East Broadway ..... Academic
"Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

MIRIAM BENDER, 438 Walbridge Avenue ..... Elective
"Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion."

FRANKLIN BENJAMIN, 408 West Delaware Street ..... Elective
"Labor and intense study, I take to be my portion in this world."

GERTRUDE BENNETT, 362 Chapin Street ..... Elective
"She then looked in the mirror there,
And saw her own self, sweet and fair."

THEODORE BENSTER, 453 Walden Avenue ..... Manual Training
"Firm-fixed, unchanged as fate."

GLADYS BLESSING, R. R. No. 7, Box 87A, West Toledo ..... Long Commercial
"She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise."

LEWIS BINIKER, Perrysburg, Ohio, R. R. No. 3 ..... Manual Training
"Buried in thought he seemed."

WILLIAM BODINUS, 354 Valleywood Drive ..... Manual Training
"What should a man do but be merry?"

EDWIN BORDER, 2526 Erie Street ..... Elective
"No care beyond today."

WILBUR BOSCHARD, R. R. No. 8, West Toledo ..... Manual Training
"He hath a courage to endure and to obey."

CONSTANCE BOUGHTON, Millbury, Ohio ..... Elective
"And she herself is sweeter than
The sweetest thing she knows."

HAZEL BOWEN, R. F. D. No. 4, Toledo ..... Elective
"A peace above all earthly dignities
A still and quiet conscience."

WINAFRED BOWSER, Station C, Route 3, Reynolds Road ..... Elective
"Love is better than Fame."

HILLARD BRANDENBERGER, 1220 Greenwood Avenue H. Brandenberger ..... Elective
"He longed for music of the thunderous street,
The strenuous tumult of the hurrying crowd."

WALTER BRAUN, 702 Woodville Street ..... Manual Training
"A likeable young chap."

MARION BROWN, 948 Butler Street ..... Elective
"The shallow murmur, but the deep are silent."

GLENN BROWN, 552 East Broadway ..... Long Commercial
"I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend."

RALPH BROWN, 1467 Huron Street ..... Elective
"His few, brief words are such as move the human heart."

ADELAIDE BUCHHOLZ, 603 Milton Street ..... Elective
"Blythe, blythe and merry was she."

WILMA BURGESS, Box 397 Merview Drive, Point Place ..... Elective
"Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth."

RUTH BURKE, 513 Chicago Street ..... Elective
"Go! Win thy way with gentleness."

GENEVIEVE BURSON, 854 Willow Avenue ..... Elective
"Lips that much of laughter hold."

LILLIAN BYRNE, 510 Magnolia Street ..... Elective
"Thy generous scorn of all things wrong."

HELEN CALDWELL, 330 Stickney Avenue ..... Elective
"I love all beauteous things."

AUSTIN CAMPBELL, 869 Willow Avenue ..... Elective
"What shall I do to be forever known?"

ALLAN CARLSON, 1953 Superior Street ..... Elective
"Ambition can creep as well as soar."

MARIAN CARREL, 512 Raymer Boulevard ..... Elective
"Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

ROLLAND CATCHPOLE, 834 Willow Avenue ..... Elective
"Away, unfruitful lore of books."

WALTER CHRISTOPHER, 411 Ohio Street ..... Manual Training
"There stands a structure of majestic form."

MARGARET CHURCH, 2130 Chase Street ..... Long Commercial
"I doubt the wisdom of being too wise."

HELEN CLINE, 828 Greenwood Avenue Helen M. Cline '24 ..... Elective

"However much I miss my intent
If I have done my best I'll be content."

DORA COLLIER, Curtice, Ohio, Box 15 ..... Elective

"To a young heart, everything is fun."

CHESTER COWDREY, 3727 Summit Street ..... Elective

"In worth and excellence he shall outgo them."

WILLIAM COWDREY, 337 Suder Avenue ..... Long Commercial

"Let him not babble with the babbling crew."

DEROYAL CRAMER, 1026 Alden Court ..... Long Commercial

"Fair on earth shall be thy fame,
As thy face is fair."

MARY DALE, 651 Miami Street ..... Elective

"Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize."

FRANKLIN D'ANGELO, 841 Berry Street ..... General

"A star I follow from afar."

LAVERNE DARING, 305 Western Avenue ..... Elective

"She climbs from height to height."

MARIAN DAUER, 447 East Broadway Marion Dauer "Zet" ..Academic
"You have garnered all thoughts from the four winds blown."

JACOB DECKER, 525 Bush Street .....General
"Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true."

EVALENA DENNIS, 4107 Lewis Avenue .....Long Commercial
"It is not often that we cross such people in our way."

LORETTA DIEFENTHALER, 2419 Erie Street .....Long Commercial
"She, the silent, dreamy maiden."

MARIE DOCK, R. F. D. 4, Box 191A, Toledo .....Elective
"See this flower of perfect knowledge, blooming like a lush geranium."

ROBERT DUDEN, 2623 Broadway .....Elective
"I glee, I live. My friend is Mirth."

IRIS DUNN, 202 Valleywood Drive Iris Dunn '31 ....Elective
"A demure and studious girl."

NOBELINE EARLY, R. R. No. 8, Box 368, Toledo .....Elective
"She walks through life, as, on the Sabbath day,
She decorously glides to church to pray."

FLORENCE EBERLIN, 634 Forsythe Street ..... Long Commercial
"A fair and stately maid, whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies."

MARCELLA ECKHART, 321 Bassett Street ..... Elective
"Never ready, always late,
But she smiles—and so we wait."

DOROTHY EDGINGTON, 4920 Lewis Avenue ..... Elective
"A young face, lit with soft blue eyes
And smooth, round cheeks, just touched with red."

CONSTANCE EPKER, 432 Jervis Street ..... Long Commercial
"She lays her beams in music."

MALCOLM ENGLISH, The Pines, Perrysburg, Ohio ..... Elective
"His words were simple words enough
And yet he used them so!"

FRED FARRIS, 532 Bush Street ..... Elective
"The schoolmen's folios he invaded."

CHARLES FELL, 535 Woodville Street ..... Elective
"Courteous he was, and willing to be of service."

AVRIL FINCH, 619 Forsythe Street ..... Elective
"Still heard in her soul the music
Of wonderful melodies."

Lucille Ford, 623 Knower Street . . . Elective
"Common sense is not a common thing."

Florence Fries, Edgewater Drive, Point Place . . . Elective
"An ever changing variety."

Helen Frye, 315 Maumee Avenue . . . Elective
"With such a pencil, such a pen
You shadow forth to distant men
I read and felt that I was there."

Mildred Gallagher, 19 Greenwood Avenue . . . Elective
"Her glorious fancies come from far."

Lorretta Gens, 726 South Erie Street . . . Long Commercial
"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard."

Dorothy Gladieux, 724 Utah Street . . . Elective
"Maiden with deep brown eyes,
In whose orb a shadow lies,
Like the dusk of evening skies."

Orville Goldner, 571 Yondota Street . . . Elective
". . . . . but art,
Is all in all, for life and death, to him;"

Earl Goodyear, 814 Oak Street . . . Elective
"The cunning wizzards of the mind
Here all their guarded secrets tell."

WILLIAM GOORLEY, 850 Euclid Avenue ..... Elective
"Thy laugh that wins."

VIRGINIA GORDON, 1302 Greenwood Avenue ..... Elective
"You dance bright as a bit o' the sun."

WILLIAM GREINER, 1101½ Varland Avenue ..... Long Commercial
""Tis said he had a tuneful tongue."

ETHEL GROW, 312 Parker Avenue ..... Long Commercial
"And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

JOSEPHINE HABIB, 1310 Ontario Street ..... Long Commercial
"And she sweetly takes all knowledge for her province."

EDNA HACKMAN, 1606 Poole Street ..... Long Commercial
"To take with joy, what joys there be."

LOUIS HALBACH, 1314 Harvard Boulevard ..... General
"But the deeds ye shall do as your dreams expand
Ye are now too young to know."

CLAIRE HANNUM, 419 New York Avenue ..... Manual Training
"..... the scholar's scroll and the artist's soul
are for such as I."

UNA HARMAN, R. F. D. No. 8, Box 214A, West Toledo ..... General

"She has never thought of herself."

FRANCES HARR, 927 McKinley Avenue ..... Elective

"We never heard her speak in haste
Her tones were sweet."

IDA HARSANYI, 302 Whittemore Street ..... Academic

"To live in gentle peace serene
A quiet fixture in the scene."

RUTH HEIL, 38 Nevada Street ..... Elective

"And oh, the way she arched her eyes.
Was simply unbelievable."

CLARICE HEILMAN, 656 Platt Street ..... Long Commercial

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

CORA HELBING, 627 Milton Street ..... Elective

"She laughs away the sorrow."

LESTER HERMAN, 871 Oak Street ..... Long Commercial

"His spirit drinks the peace that lies
On lakes beneath the moon."

EUNICE HESEMAN, 1718 Greenwood Avenue ..... Long Commercial

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

VERA HOLDER, 1441 Ontario Street . . . . . Elective
"Quite forgetful of self."

LUCY HOLLISTER, 1303 Nevada Street . . . . . Long Commercial
"A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues loved to dwell."

BROOKS HOSKINSON, 501 Oak Street . . . . . Elective
"His smile was like the glitter
Of the sun in tropic lands."

FLOYD HUGO, 1519 Oak Street . . . . . Elective
"And choose as his pursuit
To climb the tree of knowledge and
To shake down all its fruit."

JAMES HULSE, 325 Willard Avenue . . . . . Manual Training
"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be."

DONALD IREY, 439 Nevada Street . . . . . Manual Training
"The soul of a man serene and strong."

LOUISE IRWIN, 622 Greenwood Avenue . . . . . Elective
"How happy, and from care how free."

LAWRENCE JARVIE, 1860 Palmwood Avenue . . . . . Manual Training
"Up my comrade! up and doing!
Manhood's rugged play."

WARDELL JETT, 195½ East Broadway ..... Elective
"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in it."

HARRY JOHNSON, Williston, Ohio ..... Elective
"Depart, oh, poet, pundit, sage
Your comfort is so pitiable—."

ELGIN JOHNSTON, 757 Prouty Avenue ..... Elective
"He has a total world of wit."

FRANK KEENE, R. F. D. No. 6, Toledo, Ohio ..... General
"An affable and courteous gentleman."

FRANCES JONES, 723 Ash Street ..... Long Commercial
"Her air, her smile, her motions told of womanly completeness."

ADA KELB, 3 Edgewater Park ..... Long Commercial
"Sweet rivulets of laughter,
Are rippling in her throat."

HARRIET KELLOGG, 866 Butler Street ..... Elective
"I ne'er could any luster see
In eyes that would not look on me."

MILDRED KENNERLY, 119 Essex Street ..... Elective
"Friends, I am with you all,
And I love you all."

ALICE KERSCHNER, 1010 Alden Court — Elective

"Yet, graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults, if belles have faults to hide."

LELAH KESTER, 561 Plymouth Street — Elective

"The rose did caper on her cheek."

JAMES KIEVIT, 521 Nevada Street — Elective

"An equal mixture of good humor,
And sensible soft melancholy."

EUNICE KLEINHANS, 514 Arden Place — Elective

"Her words were shed softer than leaves from the pine."

MARY KLINE, 1828 Princeton Drive — Elective

"On her lips there played a smile."

MYRTLE KLOTZ, 863 Berry Street — Elective

'O! that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought."

HELEN KNAPP, 267 East Broadway — Elective

"Her hair was like a coronet
Upon her Grecian forehead set."

ANNA KNIERIM, 523 Bush Street — Elective

"She hath no scorn of common things."

HAROLD KOCH, 436 Parker Avenue ..... Elective
"And talk his perpetual joy."

PAUL KOHRING, 868 Willow Avenue ..... Long Commercial
"A smiling and unflinching face."

CARLETON KOPFMANN, 726 Spring Grove Avenue ... Long Commercial
"I profess not talking only this—
Let each man do his best."

ANTON LACZKO, 439 Solon Street ..... Manual Training
"Oh! Painter, true thy pencil's art
In tones, of hope and prophecy."

EDGAR LALENDORFF, R. R. No. 1, Toledo ..... Manual Training
"Every man has his fault and honesty is his."

HILDA LAMPE, 711 Boalt Street ..... Long Commercial
"She can forget
Cares of an hour; only the great things last."

EDWIN LANE, 32 Greenwood Avenue ..... Manual Training
"Deep in the man sits fast his fate
To mould his fortunes mean or great."

LOIS LARK, 215 Andrus Road ..... Elective
"Well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood."

Geraldine Larkin, 845 Butler Street ..... Elective
"A regular girl and the best of pals."

Clifford Leitner, 509 Potter Avenue ..... Manual Training
"And all men look'd upon him favorably."

Mary Leister, 583 Milton Street ..... Elective
"She is awfully good, she does all that she should
And nothing a little girl shouldn't."

Charles Lemerick, 1211 Starr Avenue ..... Elective
"Soft trust is essence of heroism."

Arthur Lemke, 500 Clark Street ..... Elective
"And glasses with horn bows,
Sat astride his nose,
With a look of wisdom supernal."

Theresa Lemming, 2652 Norwalk Street ..... Elective
"I know you are full of good nature."

Louis Levine, 626 Lagrange Street ..... General
"Enflamed with the study of learning."

Edith Luelf, 801 Galena Street ..... Elective
"Her lips were red, her looks were fair,
Her locks were yellow as gold."

Jessie Lyman, 523 Oliver Street ..... Long Commercial

"There is the love of knowing, without the love of learning."

Harry McElroy, 131 Buckeye Street ..... General

"Having the graces of speech,
And skill in the turning of phrases."

Catherine McGuire, 120 Fassett Street ..... General

"Thy slender hands wherein thou twinest
Thy shining auburn hair."

Walter McKinley, 1124 Clark Street ..... Elective

"For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

Malcolm McKinley, 1717 Ontario Street ..... Elective

"Glad in his heart to rid of all this worry and flurry."

George McLeary, 1444 Superior Street ..... General

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool."

Helen Majeska, 3915 Burnham Street ..... Long Commercial

"Lips like a cherry
Heart always merry."

Helen Mason, 1524 Pinewood Avenue ..... General

"Exceedingly well read."

Clayton Matt, 1144 Clark Street ..... Elective

"I have great dreams of mighty things to come."

Louis Mayo, 1122 East Central ..... Manual Training

"A silent, secretive young lad."

Hyman Maza, 819 Locust Street ..... Elective

"Many receive my advice; only the wise profit by it."

Charles Merwin, 1127 Delence Street ..... Manual Training

"He is the mildest manner'd man."

Irene Metzger, R. F. D. No. 6, Box 92 ..... Elective

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

Harold Meyers, 740 Thayer Street ..... Elective

"And the things that he thought of he did—
Put his thought in transaction, his dream into action."

Harold Mielke, 580 Yondota Street ..... Manual Training

"Describe me, who can,
An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man."

Wilbur Miller, R. F. D. No. 6 Box 40 ..... Elective

"He never says a foolish thing."

HAROLD MOENCH, 942 McKinley Avenue. Harold Moench '24. Elective

"Of all the arts, great music is the art—
To raise the soul above all earthly storms."

ELEANOR MONG, R. F. D. No. 5, Station A. Elective

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

JEREMIAH MONTGOMERY, 231 Western Avenue Elective

"It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear
That's a makin' the sun shine everywhere."

LAWRENCE MOORE, 1201 Mott Avenue. Long Commercial

"Who, when peril gathers o'er us,
Wears so calm a brow."

FLORENCE MORGAN, 431 St. Louis Street. Elective

"As meke as is a mayde."

ELIZABETH NAUTS, 819 Greenwood Avenue. Academic

"Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share."

SYLVIA NORTHRUP, 312 Avalon Place. Elective

"Thy tones are silver melted into sound."

LELA O'CALLAGHAN, 1322 Michigan Street. Long Commercial

"'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace."

PAULINE ODOM, 515 Fourth Street . . . . . Academic

"Her face, like those by sculptor graved
For niches in a temple."

KENNETH ORWILER, 174 Dartmouth Drive . . . . . Elective

"The man that loves and laughs must sure do well."

MILTON OWEN, 2114 Erie Street . . . . . Elective

"Thy actions to thy words accord."

MILDRED PAINCHAUD, 530 Yondota Street . . . . . Elective

"A maiden gentle, yet duty's wall firm and unflinching."

DOROTHY PASCH, 951 Western Avenue . . . . . Academic

"The gladness of her greeting
Is gold without alloy."

BERTHA PAULY, 636 Valleywood Drive . . . . . Elective

"I hate nobody; I am in charity with the world."

HARRIETT PEASE, R. F. D. No. 10, Box 408 . . . . . Long Commercial

"Her mirth the world required;
She bathed, it in smiles of glee."

ALMA PHILLIPPI, 522 Platt Street . . . . . Long Commercial

"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it."

Donald Preston, 342 Plymouth Street ..... Manual Training
"Thou wilt not live in vain."

Helen Price, 617 Bowman Street ..... Academic
"So light of foot, so light of spirit."

Carleton Rahmstock, 342 East Broadway ..... Long Commercial
"As firm as faith."

Pauline Ranfft, 1458 Superior Street ..... Elective
"Lovely? Yes, if being lovely is resembling thee."

Anna Reavis, 207 Newton Street ..... Long Commercial
"A face where honor shines,
Where sense and sweetness move."

Leonard Reilly, 819 Orchard Street ..... Elective
"As pure and true as blades of steel."

Evelyn Ricard, 524 Utah Street ..... Elective
"Excelling in athletics."

Herbert Ricard, 524 Utah Street ..... Elective
"Like some tall cliff, swelling from the vale."

ANABEL RICHARDSON, 525 Jervis Street ..... Elective
"Graceful and useful all she does."

DOROTHY RONEY, 714 Navarre Avenue ..... Academic
"Her live looks a sprightly mind disclose."

NORMA RUNKEL, 2112 North Erie Street ..... Long Commercial
"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

GERTRUDE RUSSELL, 406½ Arden Place ..... Elective
"Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?"

GRACE RYAN, 630 Platt Street ..... Elective
"But never a one so gay."

FLORENCE SASSE, 1026 Alden Court ..... Long Commercial
"But she was bright in many ways
And quick of thought; with ready play of wit."

DORIS SCHARF, 526 Jervis Street ..... Long Commercial
"She is a poem which to me
In speech and look is written bright."

DOROTHEA SCHAUSTEN, 1507 Kelsey Avenue ..... Elective
"And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady
And the people loved her much."

LAWRENCE SCHIERMYER, 50 Neise Avenue ..... Elective
"Like the watermen that row one way and look another."

MABEL SCHMIDT, 945 Western Avenue ..... Elective
"A laughing face
Fresh hued and fair."

MELVIN SCHNEIDER, 714 Harrison Street ..... Elective
"Not too serious,
Not too gay
But a rare good fellow."

MONA SCOTT, 914 East Broadway ..... Elective
"Her clear calm eye was bright with virtuous spirit."

GENEVIEVE SCOUTEN 523 White Street ..... Elective
"I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban."

VIVIAN SEGER, 221 Euclid Avenue ..... Long Commercial
"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

IRENE SELBECK, 155 Carbon Street ..... Long Commercial
"So winsome in her grace and gaiety."

NELLIE SEVERANCE, 627 East Broadway ..... Elective
"As o'er the earth the sun reflects its rays of living light
So thou by thy pure rays of thought art power of mental sight."

MILDRED SHARPLES, 4144 Burnham Avenue ..... Long Commercial

"She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty."

LESLIE SCHAUP, 1863 Summit Street ..... Elective

"His worst he kept, his best he gave."

WANDA SHIFFLER, 950½ Western Avenue ..... Elective

"And with all her graceful wit there was inwrought a sweet simplicity of thought."

IRVIN SIEWERT, 602 Milton Street ..... Manual Training

"Calm, and grave, and very strong."

KATHRYN SIMS, 838 Main Street ..... Manual Training

"Shadows of annoyance never come near thee."

BERNICE SKELLY, 3860 Eggeman Street ..... Long Commercial

"She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize.

CATHERINE SNYDER, 2047 Ontario Street ..... Elective

"Thy childlike grace and purity
Oh! Keep forevermore!"

MARY STANDISH, 336 Dale Street ..... Elective

"Wit is the flower of the imagination."

KENNETH STEELE, 1020 Navarre Avenue ..... Academic

"Then let your magic bow
Glide lightly to and fro."

ROY STRAHLEY, 531 Walden Avenue ..... Long Commercial

"Who feeds, unheeding loss or gain,
On fine abstraction of the brain."

GEORGE STRAUBINGER, 1826 Princeton Drive ..... Elective

"Yes, he is equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his tongue."

MARGARET SUHRWEIER, 1196 Buckeye Street ..... Long Commercial

"Large was her bounty, and her soul sincere."

EARL SYBERT, 1002 Monroe Street, Apt. 4 ..... Long Commercial

"On the love of his labor fed his heart."

MYRTLE SWEET, 605 Oakdale Street ..... Long Commercial

"Sweet smiles to keep forever bright."

GARNET TEA, 2303 Dorr Street ..... Elective

"O marvellously modest maiden."

HELEN THEAKER, 1111 Mason Street ..... Elective

"With thee conversing, I forget all time."

ALLAN THOMPSON, R. F. D. 3, Station C Box 141 ..... Elective
"He never was a shirker."

SYLVIA THORMAHLEN, 2329 Seaman Street ..... Elective
"I, too, am silent; for all language seems
A mockery, and the speech of man is vain."

OLGA TORGLER, 224 University Boulevard ..... Elective
"Hers is a spirit deep and crystal-clear
Calmly beneath her earnest face it lies."

HAZEL TRAVIS, 234 Maryland Avenue ..... Long Commercial
"My wants are few, I sit serene
Upon contentment's highlands."

RAYMOND TRUMBULL, 1823 Dunham Street ..... Elective
"Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit
King of two hands, he does his part."

MARZOUELA TURNER, 1209 Greenwood Avenue ..... Elective
"Bright was her face with smiles."

LILLIAN VYE, 704 Berry Street ..... Long Commercial
"Sweet promptings unto kindest seeds were her very look."

STUART WADSWORTH, 527 Arden Place ..... Elective
"Nobody's enemy but everybody's friend."

MILDRED WARNER, 1339 Oak Street ..... Elective

"In her arch eye and speaking face
New meanings every hour are seen."

DOUGLASS WATTERS, 2214 Chase Street ..... Manual Training

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

MARGARET WATTS, 137 Princeton Drive ..... Elective

"A kind and gentle heart she had
To comfort friends and foes."

FRANCES WEBER, 1115 Superior Street ..... Academic

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."

EDITH WEIDNER, 625 Church Street ..... Long Commercial

Edith Weidner

"Beware of two black eyes."

MARGARET WEITZEL, 513 Segur Avenue ..... Elective

"Fluttering, gleaming constantly,
Such a lightsome thing is she."

GEORGE WEINGARDT, 653 Boalt Street ..... Elective

"The grace and versatility of the man!"

ANNA LOU WELLS, 2068 Broadway ..... Elective

"Quiet and unobstrusive, but efficient for all that."

James Wickenden, 418 Potter Street ..... Elective
"*A public life is his on earth.*"

Beatrice Wiles, 315 Courtland Avenue ..... Long Commercial
"*Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter.*"

Vernon Will, 2212 North Erie Street ..... Manual Training
"*Always buried in thought he seemed.*"

Mildred Wolff, 916 Rogers Street Mildred Wolff ..... Long Commercial
"*Zealous yet modest.*"

Kenneth Woodman, 1230 Mason Street ..... Manual Training
"*A prompt decisive man, no breath he wasted.*"

Irene Woodruff, 1712 Nevada Street Irene Woodruff '21 ..... Elective
"*How sweet and gracious.*"

Mary E. Wright, 433 Oak Street ..... Academic
"*I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods*
The dreams that bound the sky."

Ida Wuerfel, 2044 Chase Street ..... Long Commercial
"*With smiles for the joyful, with tears for the weeper.*"

REUEL YOUNT, 4334 Lewis Avenue ..... Elective
"A man of learning, prudent, just,
A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust."

VANDETTA BARRETT, 3947 Burnham Avenue ..... Long Commercial
"You have witchcraft in your lips."

RALPH BERRY, 2 Merview Drive, Point Place ..... Elective
"What makes the youth so bashful and so grave."

GERTRUDE BLATTER, 318 New York Avenue ..... Elective
"Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity are here."

VELMA COY, R. F. D. No. 6, Station A ..... Elective
"She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face."

IRIS CULBERTSON, 653 Berry Street ..... Long Commercial
"A smile for all, a welcome glad
A jovial coaxing way she had."

FLORENCE DIER, Curtice, Ohio ..... Manual Training
"Her face is fair, her heart is true."

GEORGE EGGLESTON, 747 Main Street ..... Elective
"I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign, a gray-bearded king."

HENRY GASSAWAY, Woodville Road ..... Post Graduate
"A fine fellow, honest, intelligent and kind."

CONRAD KUEHN, 128 Nineteenth Street ..... Elective
"'Tis manners makes the man and all."

SARAH LAMB, 622 Mulberry Street ..... Elective
"Her face so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart."

MARIE MIKESELL, 1221 Huron Street ..... Elective
"Long lives the merry heart
That laughs by day and night."

EVANGELINE MURPHY, 2228 Chase Street ..... Elective
"Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please."

EDWARD POLLEX, 1310 Greenwood Avenue ..... Manual Training
"Time is his conquest."

WILLARD SHEARS, 1706 Nevada Street ..... Elective
"Beware of the fury of a patient man."

NOBLE STEWART, 5848 Lakeside Avenue ..... Long Commercial
"He lived at peace with all mankind
In friendship he was true."

EMERSON TAYLOR, 436 Starr Avenue . . . . . Academic
"Charity itself was in his face."

MYRON TEXTOR, 1327 Utah Street . . . . . Elective
"I know you are full of good nature."

ALICE NAUTS, 1048 Palmwood . . . . . Post Graduate
"The girl to do her duty,
And where to find her equal t'would be very hard to tell."

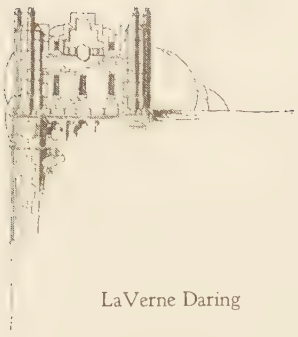
MILDRED RICE, 1733 Selkirk Street . . . . . Elective
"Innocence that matched the skies."

LEWIS CROSS, 545 Oakdale Avenue . . . . . Long Commercial
"He laughs the learned dullness all away."

EARL TANNER, 264 Willard . . . . . Manual Training
"A face full of meaning, and earnestness."

WILLIAM LINDNER, 444 East Broadway . . . . . Elective
"Whose temper was generous, open, sincere,
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fears."

EDMUND KIEPER, West Toledo . . . . . Elective
"A careless boy he seemed."



Senior Committees

Ring and Pin

Mabel Schmidt, *Chairman*

LaVerne Daring — Milton Owen — Malcolm English — James Kievit

Motto

Harold Moench, *Chairman*

Lester Herman — Emerson Taylor — Helen Price — Ruth Heil

Color

Mildred Warner, *Chairman*

Wanda Shiffler — Mary Wright

Christmas Dinner

Helen Mason, *Chairman*

Alice Kerschner — Fred Farris — Zenas Hartman — Allan Thompson — Anton Laczko

Baccalaureate Sermon

Robert Duden

Varsity Dance

Margaret Watts, *Chairman*

Walter McKinley — Mary Standish — Olga Torgler — Louis Halbach

Prom

Kenneth Orwiler, *Chairman*

Pauline Odom — William Goorley — Walter McKinley — Alice Kerschner
Anna Lou Wells — Austin Campbell

Commencement

G. Bancroft, *Chairman*

Earl Goodyear — Pauline Ranfft — Van Detta Barrett

Banquet

Dorothy Pasch, *Chairman*

Ada Kelb — Annabelle Richardson — Harold Meyers — George Straubinger

Mixer

Geraldine Larkin, *Chairman*

Dorothy Edgington — George McLeary — Ralph Berry — Nellie Severance

Girofle-Girofla

Wanda Shiffler, *Chairman*

Florence Sasse — Frances Weber — Mary Standish — Clarice Heilman
Roland Catchpole — James Wickenden

Announcement

Miriam Bender, *Chairman*
Gertrude Bennett

Memorial

George Weingardt, *Chairman*

Katherine McGuire — Robert Duden — Kenneth Woodman — Mildred Gallagher

Chrysanthemums

Florence Sasse

Cushion and Corsage

Dorothy Pasch, *Chairman*

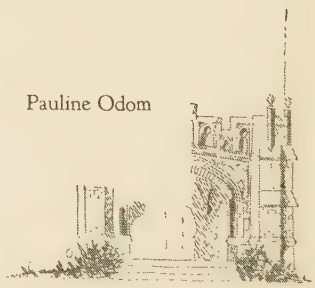
Helen Theaker — Mildred Warner — Mary Standish — George Weingardt
Doris Scharf — Dorothea Schausten

Dramatic Art Committee

(In charge of "The King's Rival," "Richard III," and class play.)

Ralph Brown, *Chairman*

Reuel Yount — Roland Catchpole — Loretta Gens — Nellie Severance — Pauline Odom



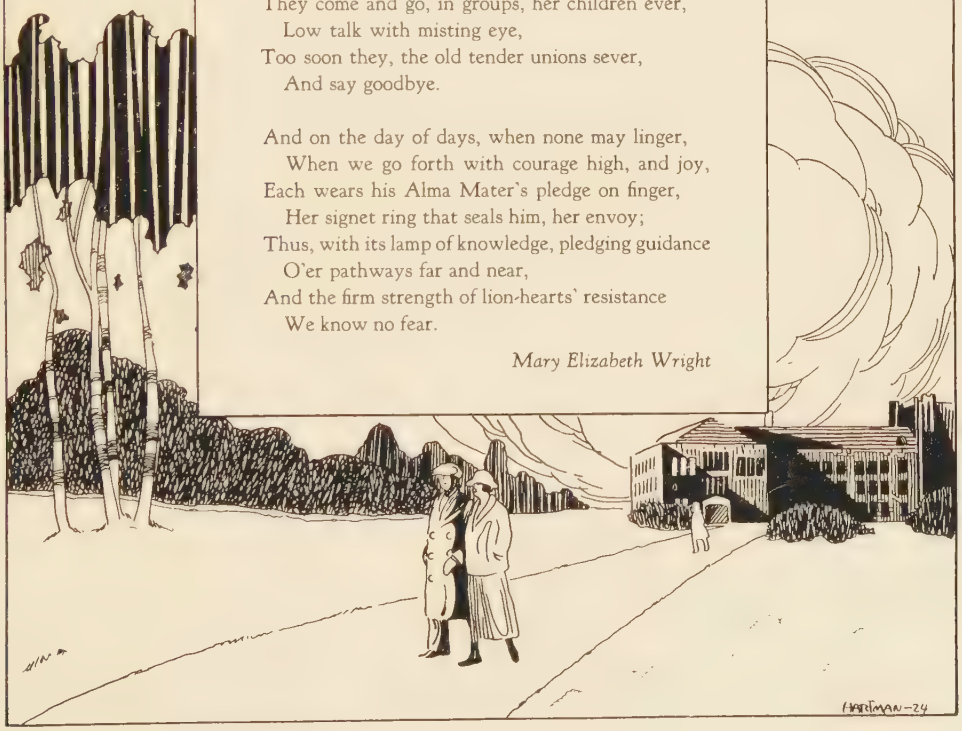
Class Poem

When all the summer winds are showering
June flowers' petals down, like fragrant rain—
And in the silver flashing of a wing
The soaring songsters gladden life again—
She sends us forth once more, our Alma Mater,
As in each by-gone year—
Again farewells, sweet promises await her
From children dear.

When fairy beams like stars dance on the river
And laugh in meeting Erie's storied wave—
When over Waite-High's walls bright June lights quiver
And music of soft laughter, echoes wake,
They come and go, in groups, her children ever,
Low talk with misting eye,
Too soon they, the old tender unions sever,
And say goodbye.

And on the day of days, when none may linger,
When we go forth with courage high, and joy,
Each wears his Alma Mater's pledge on finger,
Her signet ring that seals him, her envoy;
Thus, with its lamp of knowledge, pledging guidance
O'er pathways far and near,
And the firm strength of lion-hearts' resistance
We know no fear.

Mary Elizabeth Wright



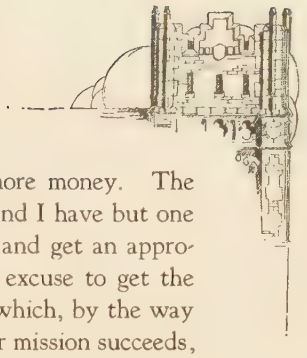
PROPHECY

I WAS sitting idly on the veranda of the Kathryn Sims Boarding House. It was warm, very warm. The heat rose in waves from the street of that little Central American city. Perhaps you know and perhaps you don't, that in 1940 there was a revolution in the republic of Esperando, and in order to protect American citizens who were living there, the President of the United States intervened. Funny how Pauline Odom got to be president, wasn't it? Trust her for getting there! She ordered Rear Admiral Hoskinson to quell the impudent little republic. After a bloodless revolution, it was decided to keep Esperando under American control, until the little principality should learn how to govern itself. Accordingly the Hon. Jeremiah Montgomery was appointed Premier, Cabinet and Congress. In short, absolute Dictator. Malcolm English, Doris Scharf and Clifford Leitner, eminent authorities on political economy, aided the Premier in his decisions of government.

Sitting there on the veranda, I was anxiously awaiting a message from Premier Montgomery. The summons came at last, calling me to the executive palace. I was plainly excited as I hadn't seen the Premier for a good many years. In order to calm my feverish mind I stopped in at Mikesell's Soft Drink Parlors for a glass of Harriett Kellog's ginger ale, before making my way across the square. At the steps of the palace, the Dictator's Royal Guard was drawn up in formal array. They were all women! Why any man should trust his life to a band of women was beyond me! Captain Leister, it seems, got her appointment through the influence of the Dictator's wife. The ranks of her company were filled with the boldest, most adventurous women of the day. Jessie Lyman, Katie McGuire, Ethel Grow, Peggy Heil, Spring-trigger Lark, Anna Knierim, Eunice Heseman, Myrtle Sweet, "Red" Thormahlen, and wild Helen Wild comprised the dashing troop.

To interview the chief down here in Esperando, one has to go through endless red tape. First, the Ministers of Visitors, Nellie Severance, and Adelaide Buchholz must look up the family history of the applicant. Then he must pass long, dragging hours in a little waiting-room, after which, if he is lucky, and if he waits long enough, he may come into the August Presence itself. I was admitted to the ante-chamber after a world of pomp and ceremony. I found that Premier Montgomery had grown quite gray. The responsibilities which had fallen to his lot had aged him considerably.

We exchanged greetings and talked about matters of state. Incidentally, the reason for his message came up.



"The situation is very serious," he said. "We must have more money. The Treasury is absolutely depleted. I have exhausted all my own ideas, and I have but one scheme left. You are to go to Washington, interview the President, and get an appropriation from Congress for—well—for anything that will serve as an excuse to get the money! You might make a plea for the "One-eyed Natives Society," which, by the way was presided over by Iris Culbertson and Dorothy Edgington. "If your mission succeeds, wire me at once," he continued, "and after that you can take a little vacation."

Here was a means of escape from that tropical heat. I accepted with pleasure.

"Take my special airplane," Premier Montgomery suggested, "and I'll lend you my pilot, Daredevil Weitzel. She'll get you to Washington in a hurry. And don't forget, we need the money!"

Weitzel was indeed an excellent pilot. We reached Washington the next day at 8 A. M., whereupon through the friendly offices of Earl Goodyear, the President's Private Secretary, I was able immediately to interview Miss Odom. I secured the desired appropriation, wired Premier Montgomery, and set out for New York for the promised rest. Pilot Weitzel whizzed me there in an hour. She stopped just long enough to buy some of the latest Paris creations at the Lillian Vye Shop, and was on her way back to her "darling" republic before I realized that she had gone.

At the Hotel Selbeck I registered. It was still early in the afternoon, and I set out for a little walk down Broadway. At Forty-third Street stood a magnificent statue in bronze, erected to the famous Labor Leader, Myrtle A. Klotz. At Forty-fifth street Lelah Kester and Una Harman kept an exclusive toy shop. They always were so fond of toys, I remembered. Farther down was a store with a most inviting window display. It was owned by the candy-cooking champion, Vera Holder. Just across the street Dorothy Torgler and Mary Kline operated a school for the development of corpulence. The exercises were originated by Frances Weber and Frances Harr; and the school, I ascertained, was crowded to capacity. A huge sign "Grow Fat to Music," stretched across the entire front of the building. A shop-keeper told me that the Victrola company furnishing the records was financed by one William Greiner. Well, it was all very strange. The world wasn't so big, after all.

In the heart of the theatre district, I stopped to get my bearings. Here I was, right in front of the Capitol! On studying the bill, I found that Helen Theaker, Elgin Johnston and Lawrence Jarvie were to appear that very day in a dance review, "The Toddlers," and that the famous tank performers, Louise Irwin, Mildred Kennerly, Edna Hackman and Emily Kruse, headed by that diving demon Harry Johnson, would make their bow to Broadway. A one-act play called "The Long and Short of It," featuring Marian Carrel and Herbert Ricard, completed the afternoon's list of attractions. At first I thought I'd go in, but I remembered those "Toddlers" back in High School days, and as to diving, I decided to dive down Broadway instead.

"Movies" to right of me, "movies" to left of me—there seemed no way of escape. A few doors from the Capitol, the Star was offering a special film, the "School for Scandal,"

in which Esther Anderson and George Eggleston were advertised in glowing terms. "School for Scandal" indeed! George was at his old tricks. By this time I was beginning to feel the call of Fifth Avenue—that most cosmopolitan street in the world, where citizens of every country in Christendom surge eagerly up and down. As I came abreast of St. Thomas Cathedral a wedding party was gaily issuing forth. The bride looked familiar. Shiver my timbers! as Long John Silver used to remark. It was DeRoyal Cramer as a June bride. And who should the bridesmaids be but Gladys Blessing, Florence Sasse, Ada Kelb, Dorothy Gladieux, Dorothea Schausten and Theresa Lemming. I didn't recognize the groom in the party. It would have been very interesting if I had!

My walk gradually brought me toward Madison Avenue. What was this attraction coming so soon to the Metropolitan? Ah! The Incomparable Mlle. Alice Kerschner supported by Josephine Habib, Edith Weidner, Rose Bage, Ruth Ahlfors, Lillian Byrne and the male lead, James Hulse would open the season with the touching opera "Hands Up!" I remembered how Alice used to sing "Skinny ma Dink" at the Friendship Club frolics, and I was not surprised that she had reached the dizzy height of an operatic star.

Thinking of those days back in school, I bumped full force into Winafred Bowser and Ida Harsanyi.

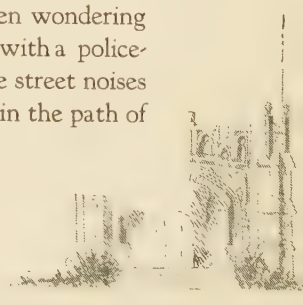
"Well! Well! What's the news?" I asked.

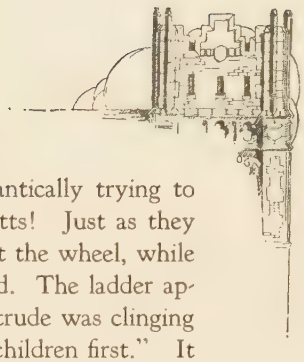
"Oh," replied Winafred, "Toledo's not what is used to be since Mr. Nauts established a Glue Factory on Collingwood Avenue. And did you know that Dora Collier and Connie Boughton are running a restaurant up in Alaska? And just think! Wilma Burgess and Hazel Bowen and Dr. Edward Pollex have a hospital in the heart of Africa. They always liked the untamed out-of-doors, you know. Can you imagine Helen Caldwell selling toothpaste in Utah? And such paste, too! guaranteed not to shrink, warp, or bend the most fragile teeth! Especially recommended for infants! She is making a fortune, they say. Ruth Hasemeyer and Theodosia Althaus are here in town," continued Winafred. "They're editing 'ponies' for long-suffering Latin students. They always were so public-spirited, don't you think?"

Conversing further I learned that Donald Irey was still trying to put through Congress a tax reduction bill. He was nobly supported by William Bodinus, Charles Fell, Wilbur Miller and Elizabeth Nauts, leaders of the Anti-Labor Party.

The biggest theartical success of the year, they told me, was a tragedy written by Louis Levine, America's leading playwright, featuring Ralph Brown and Helen Price, the Marlowe and Sothern of the hour. Ida said that Anton Lazcko was doing all the scenery for Orville Goldner, Flo Zeigfield's successor.

As I bade them goodbye, Winafred warned me to be sure to see Decker and Dow's Circus at Madison Square Gardens that night. Just the thing! I had been wondering what to do that evening, anyhow. Crossing Broadway I nearly collided with a policewoman. What! Dorothy Pasch? And believe me or not, it was! Above the street noises I heard the sudden clamor of a fire bell, the scream of sirens, and there, right in the path of





the engines, a truck had stalled! The driver and her assistant were frantically trying to start it. Surely enough! It was Margaret Church and Maggie Watts! Just as they drew up to the curb the hose wagon dashed past. Ruth Burke was at the wheel, while Annabel Ackley, frantically adjusting her rubber coat, hung on behind. The ladder apparatus was in charge of Miriam Bender and Gertrude Bennett. Gertrude was clinging to the running board, shouting at the top of her voice: "Men and children first." It was indeed a gallant sight.

I pursued my way with some misgivings. New York was certainly a woman's paradise. Evening had come by this time, and I looked about for a good place to get a hurried meal before visiting the circus. I dropped into the Iris Dunn Cafeteria just off Broadway. Mildred Rice was at the cashier's desk. I chatted pleasantly for a few minutes and was delighted to learn that Leila Allen and Evelyn Ricard were to represent America, as hash-slingers, at the olympic games in the spring. Choosing a seat at the nearest table I found myself in the company of Dorothy Roney, Florence Eberlin and Mildred Wolff. They were "doing" New York, too, they said, and we had a great time exchanging news of our friends.

I left the Cafeteria and entered a subway station to catch a car for the Winter Circus. Those cars do travel! In a few minutes I found myself facing a great square. Gazing too lingeringly at some of the tall buildings, I knocked over a sidewalk sign. As I set it up, I couldn't help reading the advertisement. "C. Matt and C. Kuehn, Beauty Shoppe. Manicuring and Marcelling." I got in line before the ticket window where Lucille Ford was handing out tickets and making change with surprising agility.

Inside the enormous building was a room especially arranged for side-shows. A larger room housed all the animals. In the main auditorium the circus was a source of entertainment to thousands of people every night. They shoved and elbowed as a typical circus crowd would do. There was noise everywhere and plenty of it. Popcorn venders were calling out their wares and once when there was a rift in the throng, I caught sight of Edwin Border and Lawrence Moore hanging onto great, gorgeous balls of balloons. After scrambling carefully about, I secured a few inches of space in the middle section of seats. A little to my right sat Nobeline Early and Gertrude Epmeyer munching popcorn balls and drinking green lemonade! Gradually the crowd subsided and the tracks were clear for the acts. There was that expectant air about the place which betokened that something was going to happen.

Suddenly a blare of trumpets, a beating of drums and a clang of cymbals rent the air. The parade around the rings was on its way. Leading the procession was "Babe," the biggest elephant in captivity, and upon his broad back Arthur Lemke and Bertha Pauly were posing as natives of the jungle. They were gorgeous in trappings of red and silver. Behind them Genevieve Burson was guiding the mastodon by the coils of her beautiful hair. Next came the bareback riders, very elegant in pink tights. I scanned their faces eagerly, for I had learned to expect the impossible.

I was not disappointed! Could anyone be more entrancing than Marzouela Turner, gracefully balancing herself on the back of a milk-white steed or Katherine Wolf,

dressed as the ring-master, energetically following along? Numerous clowns surged by, laughing and tumbling about the track. I recognized William and Chester Cowdrey, Kings of Clowndom, picturesque in the rags of hoboes. They were "doing their stuff" with all the abandon of true devotees of the circus.

Next the camels came striding past, decked out with all the splendor of the Orient. On the back of the most imposing of the beasts, Austin Campbell careened menacingly back and forth. True to form, he was endeavoring to toss paper wads into a basket of figs carried by Franklin Benjamin wearing a turban and great Turkish cloak.

I began to think that "Dow and Decker's Greatest Show on Earth" was made up entirely of old Waiters, and I found myself keeping a sharp eye out for more of my friends. On my word! There was Hillard Brandenberger riding a giraffe! Yes, yes, and Rolland Catchpole trailing along behind, pretending to torment his giraffely highness with a silver-handled whip. He kept up a lively line of chatter that sent the spectators into gales of laughter. Catchpole, people said, was responsible for some of the most "taking" fads of the day. His wingless collar still is popular the world over.

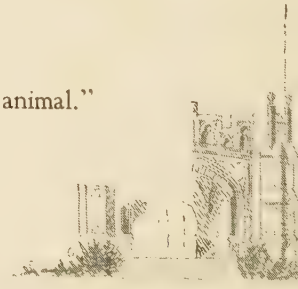
With a whoop and a yell, the cowboys and girls galloped into the arena. I easily made out Cowboy Pete Trumbull and Roughrider Wickenden at the head of the gang. With them rode Contrary Mary Standish and Six-shooter Daring. Rough on horses? Well I guess! They raced madly round and round the ring, pulling up sharply, to leave the arena with a blood-curdling yell. After the cow-punchers an elaborate pageant wound its way along the sawdust trail. Mary Wright, famous acrobat, and Irv Siewert, world-renowned strong man, were in the lead. Siewert was said to have built his muscles by the aid of Weingardt's Extract of Snake Oil. George Weingardt, at that time, was being prosecuted by the senate committee for his illegal oil dealings, the investigating committee being led by Col. Gaylord Bancroft of Virginia. The costumes of the pageant were rich and well-kept. Anna Reavis, I learned afterward was the Mistress of Wardrobes.

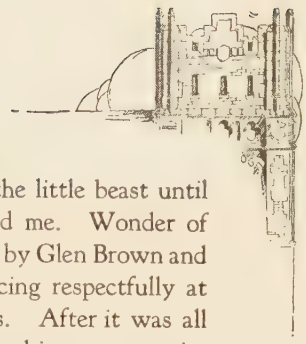
At the end of the procession strode the midget Band, composed of eminent musicians, Earl Sybert at the drum, Margaret Suhrweier tooting a clarinet, and Hyman Maza pouring forth his musical soul into a tuba. There were others too. Shall I ever forget Gertrude Russell with her piccolo, and Katie Snyder the Director, waving her baton from the back of a baby elephant? It was an excellent little band and I was sorry when its strains died away in the distance.

It was now time to fasten my attention on the main ring. There a huge, gold-covered wagon was being wheeled in. Across its front were iron bars, and within was the queerest little animal in the world. In one corner of the cage stood the trainer, a pattern of business and precision. Presently the cage came to a standstill, and the trainer made a quick motion. Something that looked like a fuzzy cat climbed up on a small platform. Several women screamed at its ferocious appearance.

"Is that a cat," I asked the woman sitting next to me.

"No," she said, "It's the Shiffler Chinese Canine, a very dangerous animal."





"Yes," I agreed, somewhat skeptically. I couldn't even see the little beast until it jumped up on the platform. Just then the trainer turned toward me. Wonder of wonders! My old friend, Harold Meyers! He was carefully guarded by Glen Brown and Allan Thompson armed with revolvers. Meyers bowed, and, glancing respectfully at the Shiffler Wonder, cracked his whip. Then followed a series of tricks. After it was all over, there was thunderous applause as Signor Meyers stepped into his corner again, when he and his trick canine were wheeled away quite as mysteriously as they had come.

After this nerve-racking scene, the ring was taken over by Dave Bassett, Frank D'Angelo and Milton Owen, the marvel tumblers of the age. They stood on their heads, and hands, and on each other. They juggled and walked a slack wire. In fact, they did everything that marvel-working athletes could do. When their act was over, Olga Torgler, Mary Dale and Vivian Seger rode in on glittering white palfreys and sent the spectators into spasms of cheering at the daring feats they accomplished.

For some unaccountable reason my attention was attracted to one of the end rings where two women were hanging by their teeth from the top of the tent. They fluttered great wings like butterflies as they were whirled around in ever-widening circles. My program told me their names; Senoritas Mildred Gallagher and Marcella Eckhart. At the other end of the auditorium, John Dunn was demonstrating the intelligence of his troupe of black horses. There were twenty-two, turning and pivoting like a squad of soldiers. He had even taught them to play football! He made his teams buck the line, and carry the ball in the manner of real football stars. One team he named Scott, the other Waite. It is needless to say that Waite always won!

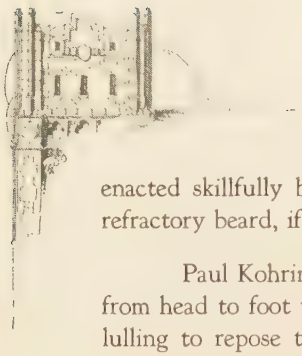
Suddenly a cry of "Fire!" "Fire!" arose. Clouds of smoke issued from the anima house, and rapidly filled the big auditorium. People dashed madly for exits, screaming at the top of their lungs. I was carried irresistibly to an exit, and found myself in the vicinity of the side-shows. Some straw had caught from a carelessly dropped cigarette, but the excitement was all over in a minute. No need to worry. And anyhow, that little spark helped the attendance at the side-shows! The posters looked good, so I decided to see some of the "exhibits." "The greatest Collection of Monostrosities Ever Shown in the United States!"

A tall, slim man was beckoning the people to his platform with these magic words His silvery eloquence and sweeping gestures betrayed him. It was Walter McKinley.

"Step up a little closer ladies and gents," he was saying. "That's it. Right up to the platform. Here you see Babe Schmidt, the greatest non-conducting agent in the world. She can stand the heaviest shock of any living being. I turn this switch, a nd through her fragile frame pass eighteen thousand volts of electricity!"

"Babe" emerged from the chair, just then, none the worse for the eighteen thousand volts. Having seen this marvelous demonstration, I decided to "take in" the rest of the show, and a wonderful array of unconformities it was.

First there was Bo-Bo, the dancing girl from Timbucktoo. I couldn't mistake Genevieve Scouten, even through her war paint. Then there was the bearded lady,



enacted skillfully by Anna Lou Wells. Louis Mayo stood by, ready to paste on the refractory beard, if it should show the least sign of falling off.

Paul Kohring swallowed swords with lightning rapidity. Edwin Lane, tattooed from head to foot with brilliant dyes, was demonstrating his snake charming powers by lulling to repose the Diefenthaler Diamond Back, a new species of reptile. Kenneth Steele, the fire-eater, and Vernon Will and Malcolm McKinley rigged out as denizens of the jungle, were fearful and wonderful to behold.

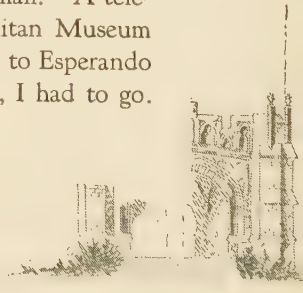
I longed to speak to some of those old classmates, but "freaks is freaks," and I forebore the pleasure.

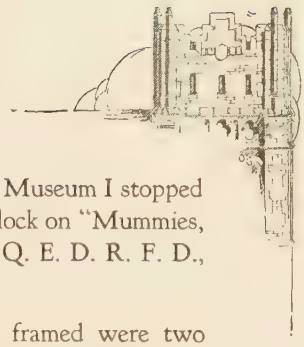
Weary but satisfied, I climbed into a bus for my hotel. B. Wiles, the conductor, smiled cheerfully at me as I stepped aboard, and told me to be sure to speak to Lela O'Callaghan, the motorman. At Fifty-sixth Street I noticed a beautiful new sky-scraper, built, I was told, by Woodman and Cross, contractors, for the Avril Finch Ten Cent Stores. The building also housed Walter Braun, cŏllector of birds and snakes, Here could be seen some of the most poisonous reptiles known to science. I leaned out the window as we stopped to take in passengers. Fred Farris was standing majestically on a soap box, haranguing a small group of curious listeners. He was selling electric rat paste, and driving a good business, too. By his side stood Dorothy Runkel, Mildred Sharples and Stuart Wadsworth handing out the paste to eager customers. What next? I was ready for anything! Across the street the Yount Literary Club was housed in spacious quarters. The Club was very aristocratic, numbering among its members such literary lights as Kenneth Orwiler, Editor of "The Sun," Helen Majeska and Helen Frye, America's foremost novelists, Geraldine Larkin, a lyric poet, and Sylvia Northrup, a dramatic critic of much ability. A glaring poster across the front of the building drew my attention!

"Hon. Leonard Reilly
for
MAYOR
Prohibitionist."

It was astonishing, the number of graduates from Waite now in New York! I had been watching for a chance to speak to Conductor Wiles, and presently I slipped into a seat by the door. She was full of news. Myron Textor and Doug. Watters were running a rabbit ranch out where the West begins, and Louis Halbach was the Charlie Chaplin of this generation. Wardell Jett owned a ranch over the Great Divide, where men are men and the air is full of atmosphere! What would the old class of '24 be doing next?

I left the bus at the door of my hotel and asked at the desk for my mail. A telegram had come from Premier Montgomery. I was to visit the Metropolitan Museum for material to be used by the local Ladies' Aid Society; and I was to return to Esperando within a week, if possible. Plague take the Aid Society! But, of course, I had to go.





Early the following morning I started out. In the lobby of the Museum I stopped to read the bulletin board. Prof. K. Byers was giving a lecture at 9 o'clock on "Mummies, Past and Present." The notice was signed by Mary Payson, Ph. D. Q. E. D. R. F. D., Director of the Museum.

I began with the modern galleries. Hanging conspicuously framed were two unusual paintings, "Spanish Rice" by Willard Shears, and "The Arrow Collar Boy" by Carleton Kopfman. It was after twelve when I had finished with the galleries. I lunched in the dining room downstairs, and, in order to return a good report to our worthy ladies, I continued on to the statuary alcoves. Prominent among the collection was a piece in bronze by Clarice Heilman. It was called "The Fall Spirit" and depicted a Waite football fan cheering his team on to victory. Edmund Kieper was a guard in one of the galleries.

It was all very interesting, and before I was aware, it was time for the Museum to close. The next day would be my last in New York. What should I do? The answer was easy. Take a sight-seeing bus, of course! As I stepped into the lobby of my hotel, I made my way toward the switchboard to request the telephone operator for an early call in the morning. Cora Helbing! Yes, indeed. She pulled out plugs and pushed them in with lightning speed. And all the time she kept up a continuous stream of conversation. Did you know this? And had I heard that? And, would I believe it! Hazel Travis and Mona Scott were operating a Smoke Shoppe just around the corner! It was very pleasant to be chatting that way. Cora was a well of information.

The next morning when I stepped aboard the sight-seeing bus, I didn't trouble myself to ask its destination. I wanted to go, and I didn't care where. We crossed East River to Long Island by the Harrisburg Bridge. I remembered reading in Popular Mechanics how Allan Carlson and Toby Hill had reconstructed the outer portions of the bridge with glass, to add to the beauty and endurance of the structure.

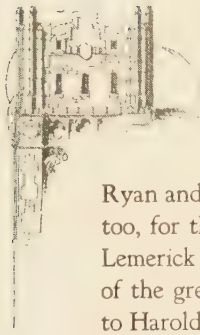
Just at the end of the bridge was a little tea house called the "East Wind," where one could eat Chinese foods and play Mah Jongg. Curiously enough, the place was operated by Eleanor Mong, Mildred Painchaud and Florence Morgan. Arthur Beck's Electric Shoe-repairing Shop just across the street looked prosperous, too.

Presently I found myself riding down a side street where a typical Bowery dance was giong on. Harry McElroy's Orchestra was furnishing jazzy music for the dancers, among whom I recognized Lawrence Schiermyer, Harriet Pease, Ralph Balyeat, Edith Luelf, Emerson Taylor and Ila Wuerfel.

The bus rolled smoothly along. We came into a fine boulevard bordered with giant trees, and lined with expensive homes. Two women seated in front of me were talking volubly.

"Yes," one of them was saying, indicating a beautiful home on the left, "that's one of Robert Duden's mansions. The Mormon! I've heard he's had four wives already. Yes, and—"(buzz, buzz) I couldn't catch the rest.

My hearing was tuned in for this sort of broadcasting. Here was a fine chance for news. A few more words overheard, and the gossips were revealed to me,—Grace



Ryan and Garnet Tea of high school days! Incidentally I learned, and, I suppose, others too, for they made no attempt to keep their comments secret, that Mid Warner, Charles Lemerick and Howard Barron were spending fortunes on race horses. They owned three of the greatest racing kings in the country, it seemed, and entrusted their precious prizes to Harold Koch, Clifford Reed and George McLeary, whirlwind jockeys. Donald Preston Irene Woodruff and Florence Fries were race track enthusiasts, having crossed the Atlantic twenty times to attend all the big races in America and England.

According to my informers, Evangeline Murphy and Helen Knapp had organized an association to suppress the use of human beings for food. They had sent missionaries to the famished cannibals of the "Eat 'Em Alive" Islands. You've heard of those islands, haven't you? Leslie Shauf discovered them, on one of his cruises to the South Pacific.

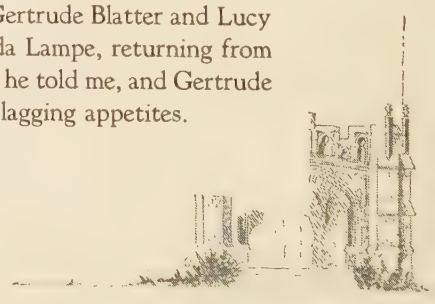
We stopped for only a few minutes at Long Beach, so I remained on the bus. Hundreds of people were promenading or lying on the sand. In the throng I made out Charlie Merwin, Edgar Lalendorff and Howard Irwin trying to attract the eyes of some Mack Sennett Beauties. And the beauties themselves were none other than Anabel Richardson, Constance Epker and Velma Coy. Strutting up and down the board walk, his skin as brown as a berry, was Lester Herman, one of the life guards. Of course there were the usual booths where one could takes chances on candy or dolls, by the simple turn of a wheel. Among these devotees of the god of chance were Irene Metzger and Bernice Skelly, proclaiming to the world the merits of their magic wheel.

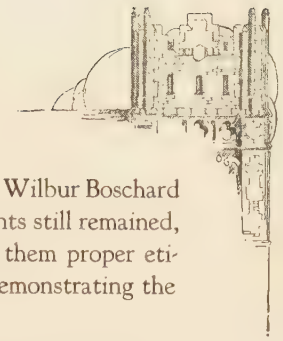
The bus turned back to the city across the Queensborough Bridge and continued on to the Battery where the ocean liners discharge their passengers and freight. I walked about a bit, on the lookout for news. The list of arrivals was posted; I scanned it hastily. Melvin Schneider and James Kievit were home from Palestine. I remembered they had gone to Asia to excavate among the ruins of ancient Babylon. Frank Keene and family of five were back from London. Evalena Dennis and her company of bull-baiting toreadors had just arrived from Madrid. I would have given my eyes to see Pauline Ranfft, Sarah Lamb, Marion Dauer and Virginia Gordon rigged out as toreadors! But I was too late. They were safe at their hotel by this time.

I was reading the list when someone slapped me on the back. "Why, Bill Linder!" I exclaimed. He told me he was purser on the Lavonia, Cunard's biggest liner and offered to show me about the boat, an invitation I was not slow to accept.

"You must meet the Captain," he said.

And we did. It was difficult to recognize, in her natty uniform, my old classmate, Frances Jones. The Wheelsman, Roy Strahley, was preparing to leave the pilot house. He grasped my hand in greeting, murmuring something about his wife, waiting at the dock. Linder gave me the interesting information that Bill Goorley, the chef on the vessel, was a graduate of Carleton Rahmstock's Cooking School, and that Gertrude Blatter and Lucy Hollister were dietitians in the kitchen. Loretta Gens and Hilda Lampe, returning from their African Wallaby hunt, had been dyspeptic on the way over, he told me, and Gertrude and Lucy had used every device known to science to lure their lagging appetites.





As we went forward to the fo'castle, we found Marion Brown and Wilbur Boschard polishing the brass railings. In the steerage a goodly number of immigrants still remained, and Alma Phillippi and Marie Dock were industriously trying to teach them proper etiquette. Off in a corner Mielke and Moench, of vaudeville fame, were demonstrating the Argentine Tango, much to the amusement of their audience.

As I was leaving the vessel, I saw three dock-wallopers exchanging experiences. I scrutinized them closely. Lewis Biniker was telling Walter Christopher and Claire Hannum that he could handle more freight in ten minutes than both of them put together could ever hope to do!

I climbed aboard the bus once more, and started for Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow of the Headless Horseman fame.

On our way we passed the Aquarium which is in charge of a great and famous biologist, Ralph Berry, G. D. F., Graduate Doctor of Fish. At Central Park we crossed over to Columbus Circle where the guide pointed out a statue by Ellen Chetister, distinguished sculptress. It was called the "The Three Fauns." Her models had been Van Detta Barrett and Floyd Hugo. By this time I was getting dazed. I shouldn't have been surprised if I had heard that Montgomery had resigned his post in Esperando!

North of New York city is that country abounding in legends and folk tales made famous by Washington Irving. I recollected reading Theodore Benster's parody on "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." It was entitled "The Sleepy Heads Sleep No More." It excited a good deal of noisy comment at the time, I remember.

On the way we passed the Castle School for Girls, presided over by Miss Helen Mason, President of the Zets in former Waite High days, A gentleman at my side asked me if I had ever heard of Kathryn McLaughlin and Eunice Kleinhans, teachers in the school? I was glad to know that they were in charge of aesthetic dancing, and that even the clumsiest of Miss Mason's pupils could be miraculously converted into a sylph under the instructions of these two clever teachers.

The bus continued on to Tarrytown, a charming little hillside village abounding in funny, old-fashioned houses and quaint shops. Florence Dier's Antique Shop, "The Blue-Bottle," lay along our route. I was reminded of the song about thirty-nine blue bottles standing in a row, and I wondered if the song had furnished the name for her establishment.

We returned to the city by way of Westchester County, where I saw Catherine Bartley's Orphans' Home. She was always so big-hearted, I remembered!

What a day it had been! And how much I had heard! But indeed I was glad to make preparations for my return trip.

The steamer for Esperando was scheduled to leave at five o'clock next morning, so I got aboard and went to my state room early. The sun came up as we gaily made our way out of the harbor. There in the distance was the Statue of Liberty, and far to the leeward the New York sky line, jagged with its array of ridiculously tall buildings, seemed slowly to recede.

And so I started on the way back to my little republic in Central America.

George Straubinger

CLASS HISTORY

FROM all parts of the city we had come, thoroughly aware of our importance .And what funny children we were—pigtailed, beribboned little misses, and awkward, growing boys! Knowing nothing of organized high school life, we descended on Waite by the hundreds, and had much to learn. We were happy in our ignorance, the youngsters of the class of '24.

What did we know about schedules? And to find our proper class-rooms the first time was a strenuous, frightful ordeal! But we stuck to it and triumphed, despite the good-natured jibes of the upper-classmen.

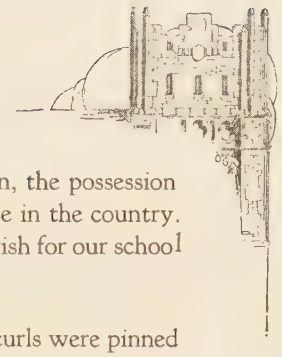
During the following ten weeks we learned something from books, and something more from mingling in the great throng of students.

Then one day a terrifying announcement was made; grade cards were coming out! With what wildly palpitating hearts we received those precious pasteboards, and how we did realize the importance of those truth-telling, first few letters of the alphabet! But of course we "got by," did quite well, in fact, and came out feeling all smug and "smiley" on the inside.

Who will ever forget the freshman picnic to Sugar Island in June, 1921? Certainly not one of the pupils in the classes of Miss Wright, Miss Boerger or Miss Wales! Everything went exactly according to schedule until the return trip. We had spent a happy, active day. We were tired, and rather anxious to return home. But hardly had we left the park behind, when the boat slowed down, and finally stopped moving entirely. Engine trouble! And there we stayed in the middle of the Detroit River all night!

Oh, how the boat rolled and tossed! How ill some of us became! A few of the more venturesome souls went out on the deck, but the remainder stayed inside, trying vainly to sleep on the straight, hard deck-chairs. Toward morning we heard the welcome "chug, chug" of the engine, which told us that we were again on our way. We drew up to the Madison Avenue dock to find our parents frantically awaiting our return, having tried every means to ascertain our whereabouts, even to the extent of attempting to charter a tug and search the lake for us! At last we were home, and a tired company of sleepy little freshmen crept, one and all, into the loving arms of mothers and dads.

Final exams arrived one day, as examinations do, but we weathered them, and at the close of our freshman year, we carried off a goodly number of the scholastic honors of the school.



As sophomores, we passed one of the requirements for graduation, the possession of that famous Waite brand of football enthusiasm, equaled no where else in the country. Then came the sweet victory of 42-0, and right now may we say that we wish for our school many happy returns of that day!

Meanwhile a noticeable change crept over us. Little braids and curls were pinned up or bobbed off, and hems were "let down" several inches. Long trousers began to appear on the boys, who themselves had lengthened considerably during the year.

The different societies next claimed our attention, when some of us were initiated into the joys of spreads, roasts, and general good fellowship.

People began now to realize that we were a class from whom much could be expected in the way of accomplishment. They began to look forward, just as eagerly as we did, to the time when we should be juniors, and have a real hand in the affairs of Waite.

Our first duty as upperclassmen was to hold an election. When those three bells rang for us, and for us alone, how we hurried to the auditorium, whispering excitedly to our neighbors as we bustled along! Mr. Mathias, Guardian Angel of 126, explained the form of procedure at such meetings, and heard the nominations for offices. We solemnly and grandly voted for the people whom we thought would best represent us. Then, "Hurrah for Jimmie Wickenden!" we shouted, and welcomed our new junior president as he stepped onto the platform. Before we realized it, our first class meeting was over, and we were adjourned, to walk haughtily down the halls. Being organized made us seem more important and necessary to Waite than ever before.

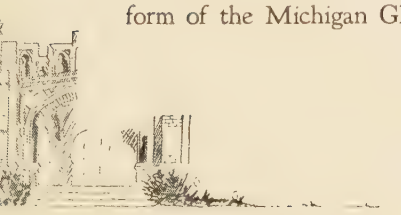
Our debut into society took the form of a Junior mixer and "dollar day," which gained for us much publicity in the school, and gave our treasurer something to warrant the existence of his office.

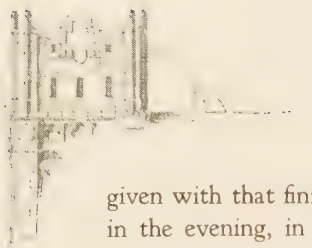
Clever decorations of red paper hearts, golden cupids, colored streamers,—fine music, and a splendid crowd. All these combined to make the Junior Hop of '23 one to be recalled with pleasure. The ahs! and ohs! of wonder and delight with which each newcomer greeted the beautifully decorated hall amply repaid the hard-working committee for its labors. A success? Certainly! That word was coming to be synonomous with the class of '24.

April came with its round of duties and pleasures.

Our spring vacation had given us a much-needed rest, after which we were able to approach our studies with a vim, for we realized that we had but two months more before those final examinations which would help to decide the important question growing larger every minute in our minds. Which of us would step forward into the Senior Class of '24? It was at this time, I might say, that the revival of learning began!

Meanwhile we gave the many friends and patrons of the school a real treat in the form of the Michigan Glee Club Concert. How they did enjoy the musical numbers





given with that finish and easy grace which usually marks a college performance. Later in the evening, in the gymnasium which was decorated in both Waite and Michigan colors, we danced to a lively orchestra.

"A fine program," everybody said, "and an evening well spent." The Glee Club, of course, reflected much praise on the enterprising junior class which had brought it here.

May came and went. We were nearing the end of a successful year in which we had done many good things. Yet we looked forward, rather than backward. Ahead of us lay that which we most desired: the right, the honor of being the senior class of Waite!

The summer of 1923 saw the completion of Libbey High School. Many of our students lived in that district, and a considerable number of undergraduates were asked to transfer their allegiance to the new school. In the case of the older students, the matter of attendance there was made optional, with the result that we came back two-hundred-and-seventy strong to form what seems to us the largest and best graduating class our Alma Mater has ever known.

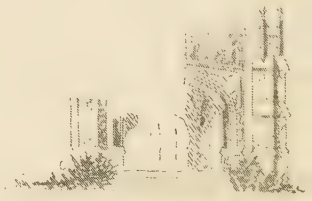
Soon after our return in the fall, we elected Jerry Montgomery as our leader for the year. It was then that Jerry's slogan came to be well-known because it was often heard: "Every dime counts!" We laughed over it, but we realized that if we were to fulfill our pledge toward the erection of a gateway to the athletic field, we should have to do something besides laugh.

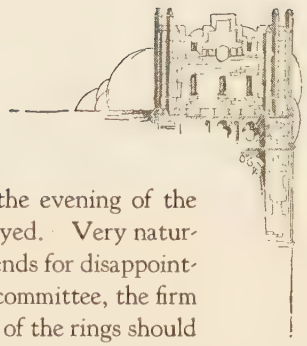
Football season with its cheering mobs and wild excitement held our attention during the weeks of October and November. On Thanksgiving Day, much to our sorrow, we again discovered that one small point, on the wrong side of the score, could make us lose our appetite for a delicious turkey dinner. But by Thanksgiving evening we had recovered sufficiently to attend, and really enjoy, the Varsity Dance given by our class for the Football boys. That night plainly showed that, of all the colors in the rainbow purple and gold are the most popular on our side of the river.

Toward the close of the next month, one of the most pleasing of senior affairs was held—the annual Christmas dinner. It was served in the refectory with junior boys in charge. Do you remember how pretty the tables were? And the little red brick chimneys partially covered with glistening snow? And the holly, the streamers, and the dainty place cards? After dinner our president introduced Judge Aaron B. Cohn who gave us some fine thoughts forcibly expressed. He left with us that admirable couplet from Henley:

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Later in the evening we danced in the gymnasium which was made beautiful by the daintily and colorfully garbed misses of the class.





Custom demands that the senior rings shall be given out on the evening of the annual dinner, but through a series of misfortunes their coming was delayed. Very naturally the jewellers who were at fault, were extremely anxious to make amends for disappointing us, and through the gentle suggestion of our president and the ring committee, the firm decided to give us another party, at which time the delayed presentation of the rings should take place. This gathering took the form of a senior-parent "mixer," the first of its kind in the history of Toledo high schools.

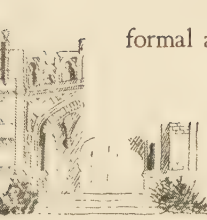
And didn't dad and mother have a good time! Short talks by Mr. Pollock and Mr. Wells were followed by some "nut" numbers in which several seniors starred. The playlets, "Nothing Much," "Two Dumb Fools," and the "Search for the Holy Pail" afforded much amusement. They were followed by the more serious matter of receiving those rings for which we had waited so long, and which would be the envy of all underclassmen. We don't mind saying that we were in love with those rings ourselves, and that we were perfectly able to understand just how the underclassmen felt!

This year the seniors have been fortunate in sponsoring three extraordinarily fine programs. The first of these, "The King's Rival," was given January 11, by Mr. Miller and his sterling group of players. This drama of Old Spain, brimming with action, was excellently portrayed. Mr. Miller, as Don Caesar de Bazan, appeared in the leading role, swaggering through his part with the air of a true cavalier. On February 21, the music lovers in the school were given an opportunity to hear the delightful comic opera, "Girofle-Girofla," presented by the Toledo Opera Association. Mrs. Agnes Kountz Dederich carried the roles of Girofle and Girofla, filling her parts with life and action, and singing with finish and ease. The other roles were capably enacted by the members of the Opera Association under the direction of Mr. Joseph Sainton. The part of the love-lorn youth, taken by our own Mr. Ehrle, proved that he is a comedian as well as a Waite teacher, and a successful basketball coach.

The third of our offerings was that remarkable drama, Richard III, in which Mr. Miller starred again, interpreting with ability and insight the difficult characterization of King Richard. The Players' Guild supported Mr. Miller excellently, playing their various parts in a manner worthy of commendation. This was the last of our regular entertainments at Waite, and one of the best attended.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," is an old saying which was never more true than in the days which followed the spring vacation. How could a girl be expected to keep her mind on the difficulties of irregular verbs, when the more important question of the style and color or her class day outfit had to be considered? The boys, with their everlasting committees, had so many things to think about that it should not be regarded unusual if their lessons were allowed to lag the least bit. But those patient teachers of ours who, ever since there were such beings as seniors, have undergone this same commotion annually, were able to meet the situation by being the only dependable persons in a world of whirling activities.

The Senior Prom headed the list of the social events of the spring. It was a semi-formal affair, given at the Woman's Building on the evening of March 17. Attractive



decorations and lively music added just the necessary finishing touches to make a most pleasing dance.

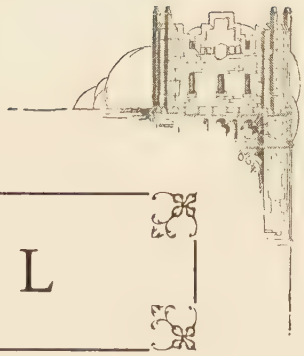
The Senior Banquet was held May 22 at LaSalles. How charming the girls were in their beautiful, light-colored gowns! And the boys! We were proud to be called the classmates of those cleancut young fellows. After dinner the class prophecy, poem, will, and history were read. We listened anxiously to our fate, as George Straubinger dipped into the future for our benefit. The poem by Mary Wright made us love our dear old Waite more and more. After hearing Walter McKinley read the class will, we wondered whether he had omitted anything that we might possibly have left the school. If he had, we couldn't imagine what it was! The class history led us back again through our years of apprenticeship, until we became full-fledged graduates. Thus an evening for which we had impatiently waited for several years, came and went, bringing us one day nearer to that day in June which we are beginning to dread as well as to long for.

On May 29, we seniors are all going to "play hooky." Three times before, we have seen successive classes of seniors go on their picnic. If we were fortunate enough to be in a room facing the river, we have waved a jealous farewell to them, as the boat passed gaily on its way to Sugar Island. Now our time is coming. As we glide down the Maumee, how condescendingly we shall think of our poor friends caged within the walls of Waite, while we are making our way out into Lake Erie. Boating, dancing, games, and fearful quantities of food, these are the things which will make the trip a day of glorious fun.

On June 1, the Baccalaureate sermon, to be given at the First Congregational Church, will find us in a different, a more serious mood. Dr. Stockdale's message will, I know, inspire us to go out with higher, more lofty ideals.

June 12, 1924, will forever live in our memories as a day of days— our commencement. With smiles striving in vain to hide the tears in our eyes, we shall step forward to grasp that piece of parchment which means the world to us. It will be the end—yet not the end. It will be the beginning of a larger, fuller life, in which we shall prove to our Alma Mater that for her sake, and for her glory we shall strive on, and on, and on!

Alice Kerschner.



CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of 1924, being of as nearly sound mind and memory as is possible, after four years of toil and misuse, do hereby make, execute, publish, shout, and declare this to be our last will and testament in manner following:

I. We hereby direct that our just debts and "fun"-eral expenses be paid out of the Senior fund without advice or consultation with Jeremiah Montgomery.

II. We give and bequeath to our Alma Mater the sum of $1,000.00 appropriated from plays, concerts, pillows, lectures, operas, gags, thefts, burglary, and safe-blowing under the direction of our capable class president.

III. We devise and give to the English department suggestions for books to replace the classics now required. In offering these suggestions, the writer hopes to have a monument erected in his honor by the students whose cause he has so nobly befriended.

For "Henry Esmond" we suggest any bed time story, "Uncle Wiggly" preferred.

For the "Sir Roger DeCoverly Papers," the privilege of reading the "Times", "Blade," or "News Bee."

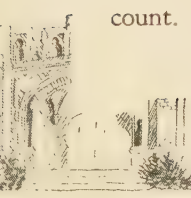
For "Pilgrims Progress," we recommend the various road books published by any local automobile club.

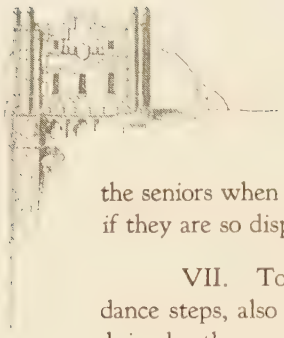
In place of reading "Paradise Lost," we advise careful persual of the "lost" and "found" advertisements in the evening paper. They bring quick results. Or, in case of dire necessity, 'phone the police.

IV. To the athletic department we leave the noble task of producing from "raw" material the same fight-to-the-finish brand of athletes which the class of '24 has produced, that they may contribute to Waite's undying fame in the world of athletics.

V. To the botanical department, all the fruits of our four years of skillful grafting and bluffing, that from the seeds of endeavor such as ours, the following classes may raise the same kind of peaches and lemons we ourselves have produced.

VI. We leave to our respected teachers our sincere appreciation for their kindness and patience. We recommend to them the practice of smiling whether they feel like it or not. We freely forgive them for all the hours of sleep we have lost on their account. We offer them the right to sell tickets to all the students affairs, to dance with





the seniors when they want to, and to go to the show with other members of the faculty, if they are so disposed.

VII. To our beloved, and most considerate Mr. Mathias, we bequeath the lat est dance steps, also a suit of armour immune from all alibis of late cars, sick grandmothers, dying brothers and broken alarm clocks.

VIII. To Mrs. Alice Allen we give our cherished pet, Homer, the Hall Hound, that he may be of great assistance in gathering the bits of news so essential for the welfare of the school publications. Where has that doggone dog gone?

IX. We direct Mr. Nauts to assume responsibility for all the bones of our bodies, including bones of contention, wish-bones and the largest amount of backbone ever found in the anatomy of any previous class.

X. To Miss Goodall, all the bugs and insects found in dark corners of the basement, together with any book-worm reposing between the unused pages of the dictionary.

XI. To Mr. Fred Klag we bequeath the necessary fund for the purchase of a joke book to satisfy the ever increasing demand of the students for up-to-date stories.

XII. To Miss Pauline Brown we leave sufficient money to anable her to finish a much-needed course as a beauty expert, that she may transform the library into a beauty shop for the girls of the school.

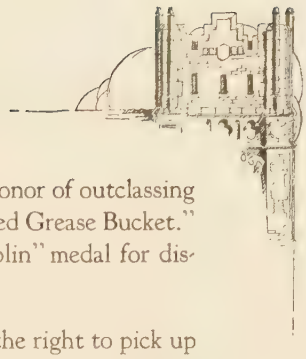
XIII. To the juniors we hand over our common sense and our superior knowledge. We offer them, too, the privilege of raising as much money as we did; of wearing senior rings; of producing young ladies as beautiful as ours, and young men as chivalrous. We also relinquish to them the right to yell, scream, and whistle in the halls, as dignified seniors are accustomed to do.

XIV. To the sophomores we grant the right to look down upon the freshmen; to argue with Mr. Stuart; to use seventh and eighth hours for necessary "squaring" of accounts in room 64, and to master the art of manufacturing alibis.

XV. Upon our blooming freshmen we lay the heavy duty of acting green, and of looking to the seniors as their examples; to do as we have done; to consider the third floor their home, and the balcony their roost; to become seniors in due process of time, without depending too much on the aid of Santa Claus.

XVI. We hereby divert to our glee club, and to Mr. Ball, the necessary sum for the purchase of a Baby Grand Piano, and we solemnly require them to find stars and prima donnas equal to some seniors we could name if we wished.

XVII. To the orchestra we yield the privilege of playing "Loyal" with the "zip" that made us famous of rendering "Nearer My God to Thee" just before lunch every day, and of "knockin' 'em dead" with "Dreamy Melody."



XVIII. We hereby bequeath to the dramatic department the honor of outclassing the actors in "The Search for the Holy Pail," or "A Slip of the High Speed Grease Bucket." To anyone surpassing these finished performances we award the "Chaplin" medal for distinguished foolishness.

XIX. To Mr. Keller and his assistants we hereby relinquish the right to pick up all rubbish which we have carelessly allowed to fall on the floor. Also we have taken care to provide for an endownment to be used for the purchase of a master key to open our lockers when we have light-heartedly left our own keys at home.

XX. We surrender to all students, including the freshmen, the right to bring lunches, stimulants and anything else they deem necessary to sustain their strength while they are standing in the book line; to cheer as we cheered in the mass meetings; and to hurry as we hurried, at the fire drills.

XXI. We concede to following classes the right to find chauffeurs equal to James Wickenden and Kenneth Orwiler, to drive a much-abused Willys Knight on errands for the school.

XXII. We hereby give and bequeath to the under-classmen the joy of eating mashed potatoes, chops, carrots, cabbage, salad, onions, celery, and spaghetti on Monday, followed by Irish stew on Tuesday, and general hash the remaining days of the week.

XXIII. After the disposition, as herein directed, of all money accruing from the sale of our estate, if any be remaining, we order it to be given to Mr. Pollock, to purchase "gas" for his Jordan.

XXIV. We hereby nominate and appoint Willie Waite as executor of this, our Last Will and Testament.

In Testimony Whereof—We have hereunto set our foot to this, our Last Will and Testament, this thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

Signed—*Senior Class of Morrison R. Waite High School.*

The subscribers hereunto on the day above written, at the request of nobody in particular, declare this to be the Last Will and Testament, of the class of '24, and write our names in the presence of each other, as attesting witnesses.

Signed—

Mr. C. M. Home, of Iceland.
Mrs. Daffy Dill, of Springfield.
Miss Anna Septic, of St. Vincent's
Mr. U. R. Wrong, of Waite

By Walter McKinley

FAREWELL ADDRESS

OF 1924

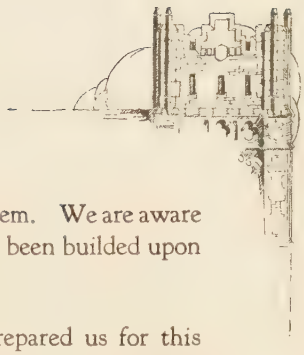
My Classmates:

We stand at the dawn of a new awakening. The day which we have anticipated throughout our lives, which has been looked forward to by our parents, and included in their aspirations for us, is at hand. The goal for which we have been striving during the past four years is soon to be reached. How far distant it seemed at one time! And now that it is in sight, we can scarcely believe it to be within our grasp. Our souls are stirred with a feeling of ardent fervor, as we visualize the experiences of our high school career, like a man sinking, who rapidly reviews his past.

The days spent in Waite High School have carried us through the most critical period of our lives—that time which is given over to the forming of habits, and to the shaping of character. Almighty God has permitted us to receive in this great school, training which is to affect our entire lives; knowledge which can never be taken away from us; and modes of living which may never be changed by later acquired actions and tendencies. Above all do we prize those bonds of friendship that we have created and established during our high school days. The influence of the constant contact with our teachers and with one another is bound to leave its mark, and to manifest itself when we stand face to face with the tests which the world is bound to put to us.

This is an occasion of joy mingled with grief—joy because that ultimate reward of diligent labor is soon to be ours; grief because we must part. This is the last time that we, the members of this great class, shall meet in friendly fellowship. The thought cannot but make us sad. We, who for the past four years have lived as comrades; we, who have consoled one another in times of doubt and distress, are soon to be going our different ways.

Graduation brings us to the fork in the road. Some of us will choose one path; some, another. No matter which way we take, each of us will endeavor to attain success in his respective calling, success not measured in dollars and cents alone, but rather in the ideals of service and love to our fellow men. Each of us will be spurred on by the eternal light of that friendship which has characterized the class of '24. Obstacles will arise, handicaps will present themselves, disappointments will confront us, and the bitter master, Experience, will exact his toll from us all, but the perseverance which has brought us to the day of graduation, must enable us to come through safely, and reach our desired destination.



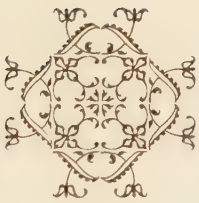
We have already known temptations, and have risen above them. We are aware that they will continue to beset us, but our training and education have been builded upon the rock of high morals, and will weather the storm.

Let us consider for a moment those who have so carefully prepared us for this journey we are about to take; those who have instilled in us a wealth of knowledge that can scarcely be measured. To the faculty we owe a debt of gratitude which can be repaid only by using to the best of our ability the opportunities they have laid at our door. The promises which we make to them will mean little. Deeds, not words, will tell the story. They have laid the foundation on which we must build the superstructure.

Graduation opens to us the gateway of the world, where advantages and opportunities will be ours. Let us endeavor to order our lives, so as to bring honor and glory to Waite High School, whose halls we are about to leave.

In God's name, I bid you farewell.

Jeremiah Montgomery.



First Floor Corridor

Junior

Junior Class

Glen Cole	President
Ruth Lee	Vice President
Helen Ardner	Secretary
Lynn Johnston	Treasurer
William Bannister	Sergeant-at-Arms

Junior Girls

Junior Girls

Junior Boys

Junior Boys

Junior Class

The class of '25 is synonymous with progress. This reputation has been established by the untiring efforts of the officers and committees, who have done their best to make the class affairs successful.

Glen Cole, president, has been a capable leader, and has launched a number of profitable ventures. The sale of candy in the halls at various times, and at the presentation of "The King's Rival," is only one of the few undertakings accomplished by the class.

The "J" Hop, held at the Woman's Building, February 1, was one of the most delightful social events of the year. From decorations to music, the dance was all that could be desired.

Later in the month, the juniors held a frolic in the school gymnasium, for the purpose of getting better acquainted.

It is appropriate to say that the class of '25 has accomplished much for its own members, and for the school but more is yet in store. With the experience gained so far, the juniors should be able to cope successfully with the responsibilities that are bound to come in the senior year.

"J" Hop Committee

John White, *Chairman*

Margery Best — Mary Wheeler — Lynn Johnston

Ruth Lee — Donald McClure

Junior Party Committee

John Baymiller, *Chairman*

Helen Ardner — Ella Jane Kirby — Doris Snovar

Mildred Bitter — Milo Taylor

Entertainment Committee

LaVonia Knisely, *Chairman*

Hazel Blair — William Bannister — Ralph Heinen

Robert Tewksbury — Gerald Stienecker — Helen Brown

Library

The place where we spent happy hours, browsing among books; where through reading, our sympathies were made to include peoples of other times and other lands.

Sophomore

Sophomore Girls

Sophomore Girls

Sophomore Girls

Sophomore Boys

Sophomore Boys

Sophomore Boys

Freshmen

Freshman Girls

Freshman Girls

Freshman Girls

Freshman Girls

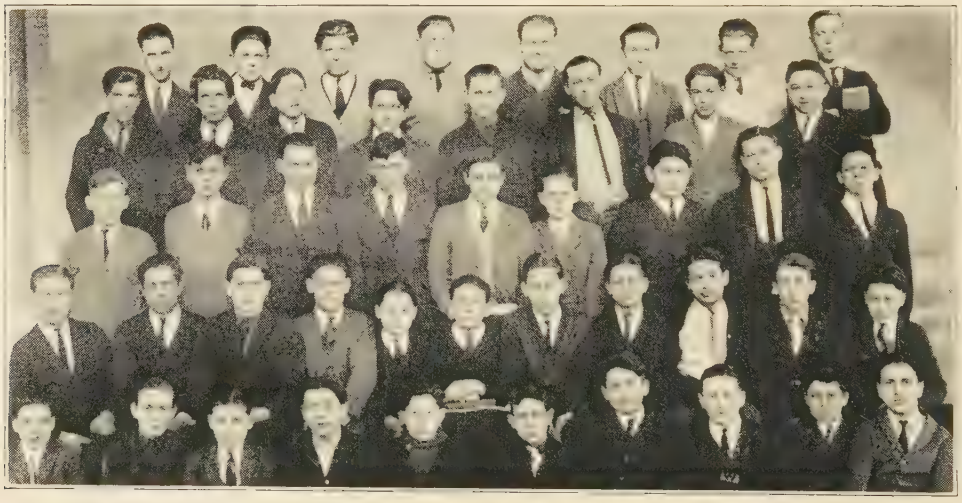
Freshman Girls

Freshman Boys

Freshman Boys

Freshman Boys

Freshman Boys



Freshman Boys

Senior Banquet

Senior Christmas Dance

Junior Candy-Sellers at King's Rival

Cooking Class

Engineering Class

Engineer

Sewing Class

Art Class

Home Nursing Class

Chemistry Class

MEDAL STUDENTS

Probable Medal List 1923-1924

A—Gold Medal

Seniors

Z. LaVerne Daring
Marcella Echart
Constance Epker
Josephine Habib
Ruth Heil
Frances Jones
Ada Kelb
Louis Levine
Helen Mason
Catherine McGuire
Mildred Painchaud
Evelyn Ricard
Wanda Shiffler
Helen Theaker
Anna Lou Wells
Mary Wright

Juniors

Helen Ardner
John Baymiller
Barbara Fry
Joseph Heferle
Mary Kratky
Lillian Lavender
Ruth Lee
Ruth Pilzerker
Grace Roenick
Martha Schaefer
Helen Snover
Mary Wheeler

Sophomores

Naomi Baymiller
Onnalee Clark
Burnap Cole
Lydia Habib
Ella Hennerman
George Wallace
Regina Knauss
Frank Wiley
Mark Winchester

Medal List—Continued

Freshmen

Genevieve Beth
Wilma Deters
Herbert Gladieux
Glenna Halter
Elizabeth Jewett
Luther Lalendorff
Maurine Lalonde
Naomi Lange
Nelson Mall
Frances Moon
Florentine Nierman
Helen Robinson
Dorothy Schreiber
Margaret Slosser
Ray Warnke

Silver

A in at least four subjects, nothing below B

Seniors

Annabel Ackley
David Bassett
Miriam Bender
Gertrude Bennett
Adelaide Buchholz
Ellan Chetister
Paul Desilets
Marie Dock
Iris Dunn
Nobeline Early
Fred Farris
Helen Frye
William Greiner
Ethel Grow
Frances Harr
Edna Hackman
Louise Irwin
Howard Irwin
Mildred Kennerly
Alice Kerschner
Helen Majeska
Harry McElroy
Wilbur Miller
Sylvia Northrup
Pauline Odom
Dorothy Pasch
Mildred Rice
Florence Sasse
Mabel Schmidt
Willard Shears
Catherine Snyder
Mary Standish
Hazel Travis
Lillian Vye
Mildred Warner
Edith Weidner
Margaret Weitzel
James Wickenden
Helen Wild
Mildred Wolff
Eunice Kleinhans

Juniors

Fernette Baur
Margery Best
Hazel Blair
Helen Margaret Brown
Irene Dickinson
Donovan Emch
Geraldine Hopkins
Marguerite Jack
Harry Maza
Edna McLaughlin
Helen Moench
Renton Moore

Medal List—Continued

Juniors—Continued

Frances Christie
Dorothy Cole
Anna Dancer
Margaret Davis
Harold Davis
Viola Kaiser
Ralph Keller
Leslie Leybourn
Ruth Machlup
Mildred Faulkner
Florence Perry
Evelyn Reed
Huldah Ritzman
Helen Tanner
Esther Hoover

Sophomores

Lawrence Aikens
Virginia Arduser
Milton Bailey
Amelin Bassett
Selma Bassett
Thomas Beck
Mildred Bier
Norman Brenner
Eleanor Brinkman
Alice Buck
Mary Alice Burger
Earl Carleton
Grace Cutler
Margaret Dauer
Bessie DeWitt
Helen Englehart
Florence Fink
Grace Ford
Robert Frautchi
Cedrick Frederick
Thelma Gregoire
Edith Heyman
Elizabeth Kendall
Helen Klag
Seline Neeley
Glenwood Reese
Eleanore Roberts
Margaretta Roth
Blenda Sayen
Ruth Schwinden
Elina Sieving
Elizabeth Szabo
Margaret Wendel
Frances Whipp

Freshmen

Francis Babione
Elsie Bahsen
Lois Baymiller
Jean Best
Albert Birch
Helen E. Brown
Richard Bruggeman
Laurel Campbell
Alice Carstensen
Genevieve Edstrom
Mary Belle Eggleston
Donal Ewing
Hazel Vossler
Howard Flegle
William Ford
Muriel Waldvogle
Donald Winter
Iola Harder
Martin Law
Alma Lorenzen
Margaret McClure
Ruth McGinnis
Gordon McNutt
John Molnar
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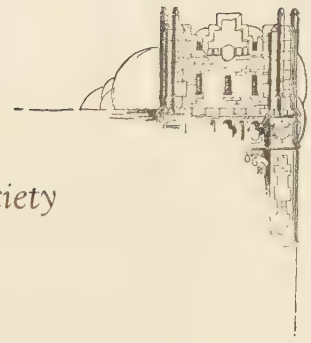
QUILL-DAGGER



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1924

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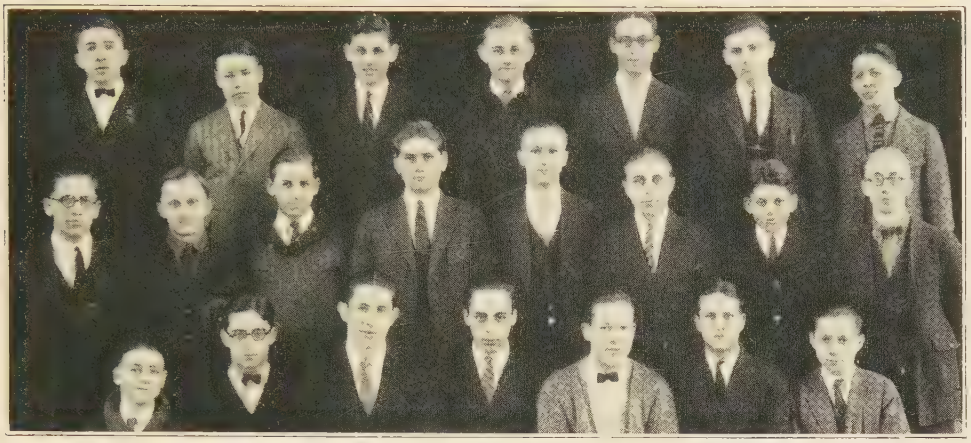

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Charles Hauber
Thelma Hummel
Myron Elsworth Hissong
Mary Leister
Martha Lockart
Fred Margy
Ruth McCauley
Vella Mae Mickaels
Robert Moorehead
Florence Morgan
Hazel Murphy
Thelma Neudorfer
Harriet Pease
Benjamine Pencheff
Marc Pecord
Mary Price
Vyvyan Rehmstrom
George Roth
Gertrude Russel
Ted Sampson
Nellie May Severance
Ruth Skilding
Belinda Sayer
Grace Steele
Edith Strahley
Morris Sutton
Charlotte Taylor
Robert Tiernan
Martha Theaker
Marvin Timm
Fred Trueschal
Marguerite Truschal
William Whitcomb
John White
Anna May Whitmore
James Wickenden
Reuel Yount
Bernice You
Mr. Ball

ON WAITE HIGH SCHOOL.

Permission of Copyright.

Arr. by G.V. Suthen

ON WAITE HIGH SCHOOL, ON WAITE HIGH SCHOOL, PLUNGE RIGHT THRU THAT LINE — —

NEV-ER WA-VER, NEV — ER FAL-TER A TOUCH-DOWN SURE THIS TIME; — —

ON WAITE HIGH SCHOOL, ON WAITE HIGH SCHOOL WE'RE WITH YOU ALL THE TIME, — —

FIGHT! FELLOWS, FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! WE'LL WIN — THIS — GAME: — —

I. II.

24-2-7

THE PURPLE AND GOLD

by permission of Copyright.

Arr. by G.V. Sutphen
Raymond Bossart.

HERE'S TO THE PUR-PLE, AND HERE'S TO THE GOLD, AND HERE'S TO THE SCHOOL WE LOVE; WE'LL—
FIGHT FOR THE PUR-PLE, WE'LL FIGHT FOR THE GOLD, WE'LL FIGHT—FOR OLD WAITE HIGH:—
FINE.
AN-CIENT HER COL-ORS, DEAR TO EACH HEART; EACH TEN-DER MEM'RY, FROM US WILL NE'ER DE-PART: SO
UNISON
HERE'S TO THE PUR-PLE AND HERE'S TO THE GOLD; AND HERE'S TO THE SCHOOL WE LOVE: WE'll
24-2-5
D.S. al

Mr. Sutphen

The Annual Board is indebted to Mr. Sutphen, director of the Band, for the preparation of the manuscript from which plates were made for the music section of this book. The publication of the school songs increases both the attractiveness and the usefulness of the "Purple and Gold." Our thanks to Mr. Sutphen.

Loyal, Loyal to Old Waite High

Permission of R H Burke Composer
Arr. by C. V. Stephen.
Loy — AL, Loy-AL, TO OLD WAITE — HIGH, WE WILL EV-ER, BE;
EV — ER BE
Loy-AL, Loy — AL, TO OLD WAITE HIGH, WE WILL EV — ER, EV — ER BE
Marcia
TO — HER HONOR AND HER GLO — RY, PLEDGE FI - DEL - I - TY
TO HER HON — OR AND — HER GLO — RY, PLEDGE FI - DEL - I - TY, FOR — EV-ER-MORE,
24 - 2 - 12

Loyal, Loyal to Old Waite High

WE WILL FIGHT FOR OLD WAITE HIGH — SCHOOL, EV-ER BE STRONG AND TRUE, SO TRUE —
WE WILL FIGHT FOR OLD WAITE HIGH SCHOOL, EV-ER BE STRONG AND TRUE, SO TRUE —
LOY — AL, LOYAL TO OLD WAITE — HIGH, WE'LL DO, OUR BEST, FOR YOU: —
LOY — AL, TO OLD WAITE — HIGH, WE'LL DO, OUR BEST, FOR YOU: —
24-2-12

Hall

Eunice Kleinhans.

September

8. Our "Tree Top" sports a lot of little "Green Leaves." Welcome Freshmen
9. Seats in the study room are being held at a premium.
10. Sophomores have a conscience and——?
13. One week closer to decease, Seniors.
15. No game Saturday. Q. E. D. No mass meeting.
18. The weaker sex wins again. La Verne is Editor of the Annual.
19. The "Wolf" is hounding his "Herd" out in the bowl.
20. Season tickets make a grand entre.
21. Ink schedules, 4 Lit meetings. We're simply rushed.
22. Morenci takes home the rind.
24. One of ye good ol' mass meetings.
25. The bells wring rong and Trum "bull" strays.
26. Our playroom is opened with "Duke" and "Maggie" for "Playmates."
27. Friendship "Welcome Party." All the kids from camp.
28. Freshman Mixer and Kisses.
29. Won by a "Hare's Breath" from Glenville 7-0.

October

1. Mr. Weingardt; Have you subscribed for the Retina?
   Mr. Duden; Absolutely, Mr. Weingardt.
2. Introducing the human money making machine;
   Honorable Jeremiah Charles Montgomery, President of the Class of '24
4. The Pericleans enjoy themselves at Keiths with Lollypops.
5. Students, Teachers, Alumni.
   Give the Retina your money.
6. Buffaloes are big, Waiters are bigger 73-0.
   Lorenz Schenck entertains the Forum at his cottage.
8. The Faculty gossip over tea in the Library.
10. Didya ever see ut fail. Unsats again.
11. The Pines were Bluffed to the tune of 19-0.
13. George Eggleston's sweater is worse than fly paper or is it George?
18. The team leaves to meet Louisville Lou. We hope Jarvie lives up to his reputation as "The Shiek."
19. La Verne and Mary keep old maid's hall this week end.
20. Talk about cyclones, our "Golden Tornado" leaves Louisville 40-0.
21. We choose our rings and standardize them. We hope you all like them.
22. Our first day off is our lifesaver.
23. We finish Woodward, 68-0.
28. Monday. Dumb but happy.
30. Juniors follow suit in this election business. Huzzay for Bituminous Cole.

November

1. Engineers present "movie" of life of Edison.
2. Seniors kiss 2.65 goo'bye.
4. Sunday; not Billy.
5. We chant Terra Haute's funeral dirge in the key of 74-7.
7. Please excuse Elgin as he ran for Mayor last night. Mrs. Elgin.
8. Welcome to the hillsides oh, King Winter.
12. Echoes of College Days and Football Daze.
13. Wasn't Cedar Rapid! Also Marek.
14. We put on shock absorbers. It'll be here soon.
15. The Q. D.'s have a swell time at George Eggleston's Ranch.
16. Cards. The absorbers help not a mite.
19. Retina's Fatter'n Better'n ever.
20. Jams. Not strawberry but Parent's Tickets Jams.
21. Did it sink in, boys? No smoking.
22. Johnny White makes his debut in dramatics.
24. At last. The bleachers won't be so hard with the Waite Senior pillows. Aren't they nifty.
25. We're thinking what? BEAT SCOTT!
28. We have the game in the bowl for the first time and treat our guests right. We give them the extra point.
29. The Senior Varsity Dance makes up for the one point.

December

2. It's a race between the faculty and recent graduates in matrimony. Congratulations and ? wishes.
3. George is letting his bangs grow.
5. Perries have a spread. "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may die." Better die eating.
8. Have you met Vivian yet, boys. Beware of Jettie.
10. Q. D. "Cuties" celebrate their victory over the "4um's."
12. Our "Golden Tomatoes" are shipped South.
13. Pete, Shindy and Butch ride broncos in regular cowboy rigouts. Wonder where the rest were.

14. Miss Wickenden receives a box of anonymous nuts.
15. They dry up the Lake 14-0.
17. The King's Rival is on his way, "Goils."
18. Senior Meeting. Gosh, we deposit $1 with Helen Mason. Guess it's safe.
20. The Heroes return from the "Sunny South" where they have been enjoying a week's sojourn.
21. Don't be a carbon copy. "Dorothy's Uncle Aaron" tells us.
27. Pericleans give a bridge tea at LaSalle and Kochs for the starving children on Collingwood Avenue.

January

2. Leap year, Ah! The girls have a chance now.
3. Puzzle. What does C. C. stand for?
4. Righto. Captain Campbell. And may this year prove your worth.
5. First of its kind. Parents-Teachers-Students mixer. They watch us receive our long lost rings.
7. The returning of proofs of all Senior goofs.
9. "Nina Wilcox Putnam has nothing on Dorothy Briggs," says South Bend.

   We agree. Have you read "Tessie's Tintinuabulations?"

11. King's Rival appears with Mr. Miller as Don Caesar.
18. We knock off the Varsity 28-22.
14. Mid year exams! Cram! Cram! We nearly perish.
20. It seems like home to see Dutch and Vic and the guys again.
23. Mr. Nauts entertains the Annual Board at his home.
25. Ehrle's quintet downs St. Mary's 36-23.
26. Peries have a theatre party at the Toledo at the same time the Zetaletheans had theirs.
28. The Forum are entertained by the Zets.

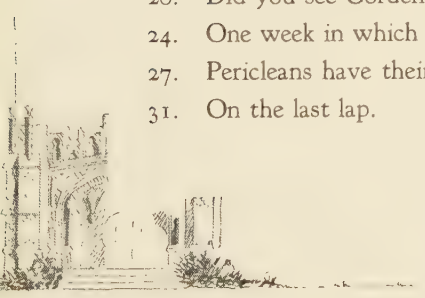
February

1. The Juniors put over their Annual J Hop in fine style. Gosh, the football sweaters get brighter every year.
4. Here's to the old (Captain Kinker.)
   Here's to the new (Captain Jarvie)
   Here's to both who live inseparable in our hearts.
8. Heartless. We lick Libbey Lou.
9. The Waite High Orchestra appears for the first time this year. Fine, aren't they?
10. In memory of T. Young the Ford Circle presents a fine picture of Abraham Lincoln.
14. The Retinas are distributed for Valentines. They seem to get better each time.

15. Rates must be going up. We are entertained by the Bell Telephone Company.
17. Kenton and Bucyrus are victims of our slaughter.
18. Lillian Burns and Johnny were the best kids at the Friendship-H-Y- Kid Kaper.
19. Ada struts Dog Bones T. U. sweater.
20. Johnny Ehrle teaches us the art of love making in "Girofle Girofla."
21. Leslie sure is original. Waite High Stationery.
22. Anna Lou Wells asks why we are glad that Washington was our first President. Ain't she dumba?
23. 'Twas ever thus since childhood's hour. The boys go to the Auditorium.
26. Some one has such taking ways in the Library.
27. Mr. Klag speaks to the BOYS on school conduct.
29. We did it! What? Beat Scott!

March

1. March comes roarin' with the Q. D. gathering in Arden Forest.
2. At a "mash" meeting we hear that the basketball men are holding court in the halls instead of the gym. How about it, DE?
4. The Juniors share their lollypops with us for a nickel.
5. Zets have initiation and feed at Ruth Heil's.
7. Ann is breaking in Red's sweater.
9. Do you suppose Woodward feels differently now, 33-8.
10. Limmerick speaks his first piece. Did he blush? Well I say he did.
11. City champions. The teams go to Columbus to Tournament. Team Rah!
12. Pencheff misses the train cause Duffy hung on the last step.
13. Mac goes to Oberlin to compete in some sort of a talking contest. Good Luck. You've a fine chance.
14. The Beta chapter of the Pericleans of Waite High entertain the Alpha and Gamma Chapters of Scott and Libbey High School.
15. The "Crowning" takes place. Jimmy is nearly as good as Mr. Ehrle.
16. Sasse is happy. Austin's home.
17. Funny huh? Miss Roach wore an orange dress today.
18. Would you call him a referee? Libbey does.
19. Mac is considered a college orator so they didn't think it wise to give him the cup. It never rains but it pours.
20. Did you see Gorden Jeffery's marcel? Isn't he "Darling?"
24. One week in which to recuperate.
27. Pericleans have their Annual Banquet at the Woman's City Club.
31. On the last lap.

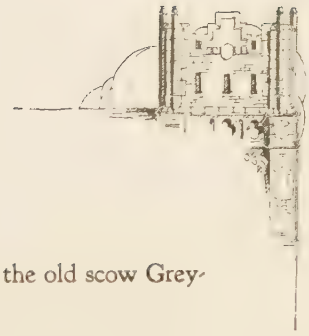


April

1. Did you feel any more foolish today than usual?
2. The Engineers give movie "Romance of the Air."
4. We have Dick the 3rd with us.
5. Zets spring the "Mah Jongg Tumble."
9. Girls don't wear flowers. You are graduating, not dying.
10. Wonder if Arlene is going to get a baseball man?
11. Ohio Wesleyan Glee Club—Rah! Juniors! Rah! Rah!!
14. "Oh! It ain't gonna rain no mo'." NO, it ain't. It just started.
17. Our office girl is introduced as Mrs. Klag. Thrills.
18. Also, Miss Baxter is admitted free to a basketball game cause she is the Coach's wife. This is news John.
20. All the teachers are flopping. Still they don't look so bad with it bobbed.
25. Passing show of 1924.
26. The Forum's Forum Dance.
30. April showers bring

May

1. Flowers.
2. Mr. Ball presents "Bells of Corneville."
   Mothers have a square meal with their daughters at the Friendship gathering.
8. First rehearsal for music for commencement. Its awful when one can't sing.
10. To "Gingham Glen" with the Peries for "Gingham Gavotte."
13. The girls get measured for length for the final parade.
16. Fathers and sons get together and mix things up a bit.
17. The Seniors stage their farewell dance to old Waite High, the Prom at the Woman's Building
18. Of course it's wonderful. An anniversary number and a girl editing it. The best ever put out.
21. LaSalle and Koch was the favored spot for our "Last Supper" at old Waite High. The Banquet was marvelous.



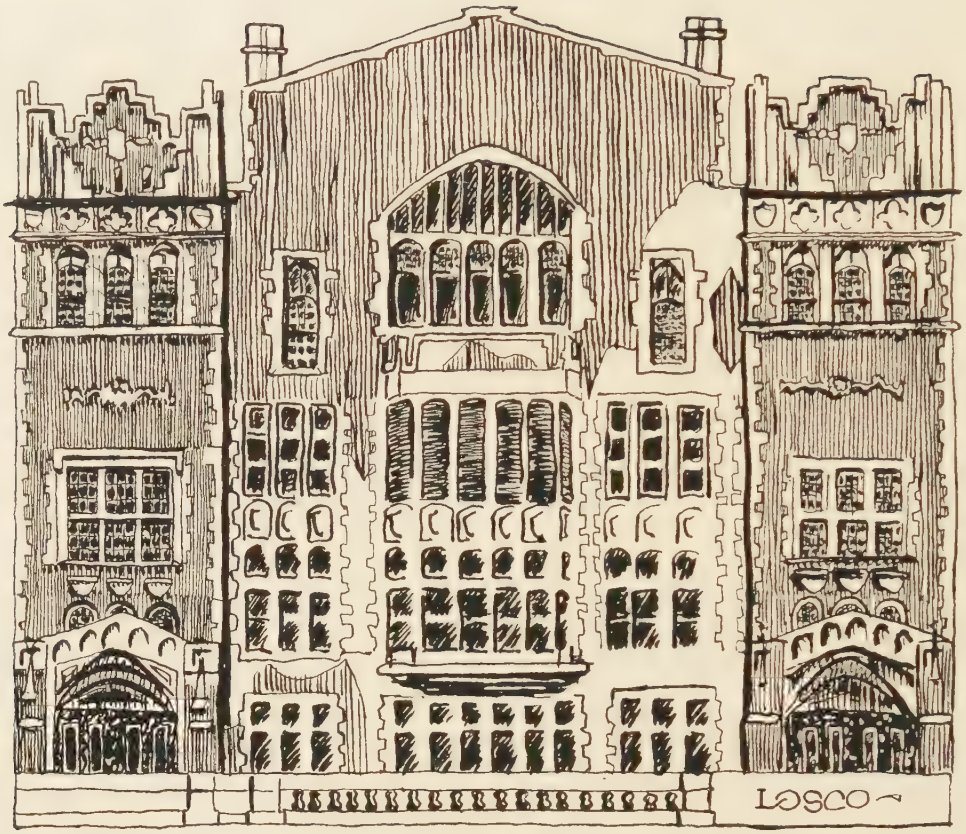
23. All the High Schools in the City participate
24. in Mr. Ball's May Festival.
25. Ship a Hoy! We Seniors gallantly sail the majestic sea, Erie, in the old scow Grey-Hound.

June

1. Reverend Stockdale renders our Baccalaureate Sermon.
2. We sigh, we cry, we know not why.
3. Miss Kimble's Lizzie and Mrs. Allen's Willie step out together.
6. Ralph Brown presents the Senior Class play.
   Quite a new idea, eh Alumni?
9. Some of the boys like not the shingle bob. What care we? Wait till they see what next.
12. We graduate.
14. The Forum ends the year with their Annual Banquet.

To leave you, Waite makes us sad.
To have been with you makes us glad.
But thru the years that are to be,
You'll find us faithful Al-um-ni.

Mary Standish, '24.



No doubt, I will soon hang in effigy from all the trees on the Waite campus, as I have committed a dastardly outrage against my teachers and fellow students. After listening sympathetically to woeful pleading not to use snapshots that reveal their foolish and indescreet moments, I have succumbed to the lure of the forbidden. The following pages spell r-u-i-n for me.

You always thought that Florence Sasse's hair was naturally curly, didn't you? Well, you were all wrong, Snap "57 Varieties" proves it. How she will sizzle when she discovers that all the world knows the secret of those beautiful waves.

Even the Editor herself will set up a roar. (If you haven't heard La Verne roar, you have missed something, take it from me.) The shameless idea that she would elope with any man, even though he were the gay, romantic George!

But mostly I dread the onslaught from the faculty. "Give Him Time" will crystallize the feeling that Mr. Mathias has for me. Our nurse will surely treat me to a dose of spirits of ammonia for daring to publish "Winkum." And Oh! Mr. Klag will shoot desperately and recklessly on his hunt for the culprit who labelled "Two-In-One." Although you may not have suspected it, Miss Roache, in her out-of-school hours, goes to quite astonishing lengths in the matter of raiment. Find her among the "shots," if you can. And with Miss Kimble and her knowledge of administration, to lead the faculty, Waite High will not be a healthful place for me, I fear.

But perhaps, if the "victims" will stop to consider what I could have told of the secrets behind those pictures, of the even more surprising scenes that no camera has registered, which I have witnessed in their "In Between Times," I may escape with only the hint of a slaughter.

May time soften their wrath and restrain their uplifted fist.

—The Snap Shot Editor

LITTLE PLAYMATES

"OVER" THE RIVER

WE'LL GRANT IT

EIGHT DUMBELLS

L'ENFANT

BIG CHEF JIM

AFTER LUNCH

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

MESSED TRESSES

In Between Times

FASHION ROW

MUSCLE

DOT!!!

MAKE US A CHILD AGAIN

sweet ALICE

YACHTING

ALL BY MYSELF

THE WAY OF MEN!!!

HELEN RIDES IN STATE

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

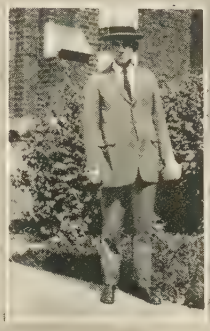
THE POWERS THAT BE

1914

1924

The Woodchuck

The Queen Holds Court



The Other Wise Man

Win Kum and Blink um

Our Ideal

H+A+L+L

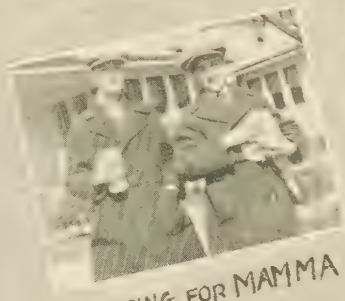
Give Him Time

Land of Art

His Trusty Steed

NEEDLES and PINS
STARTIN' IN
JUNIOR SMILES
A RARE COLLECTION
LOVIN'
HIP-HIP-
NUBBIN'
PALS TO AN END
ROCKLEDGE REVELERS
WASTED AFFECTION

HERE AND THERE
EVELYN and ANNA FRANCIS
DAMON & PYTHIAS
OVER-ALL GIRLS
JUNIORITES
INSEPARABLES
WHO IS IT ?
LITTLE MINISTER
IL PENBEROSO
APOLLO
ELIZABETH
PEGGY



SHOPPING FOR MAMMA

MAIN K-9

A Stellar Smile!!

TWO IN ONE

CAPTAIN OF MY FORD

BOB STEPS OUT

POISONED PARADISE

THE LUSTY HORN

PRESENTING GEORGETTE

So this is love!

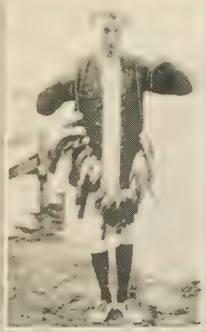
Ty Cobb Alias

Picking Peaches

If John Grew Up

FACULTY FACT

Baby Johnnie



Two of the "57" Varieties

Four Dippy Do-Dads

30.000 POP. THANK WAITE and TOLEDO FOR THIS COURTISY TO THE ZEBRAS

PLEASE REMEMBER THE LATCH STRING IS OUTSIDE
DOWN IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND SONG.

WONDERFUL RESOURSES
TO BE DEVELOPED

WHITE W. D. HILAIN SEC'Y CHAMBER of COMMERCE
PINE BLUFF. ARK.

PIGSKINNERS

KING JAMES

The Prodigals Return

Ah! Bob

Capt. Kinker

Give us some

LOUISVILLE LOUERS

PRIVILEGED

HOMEWARD BOUND

STARS and APPLES

Dance of Victory

AT LAKE CHARLES

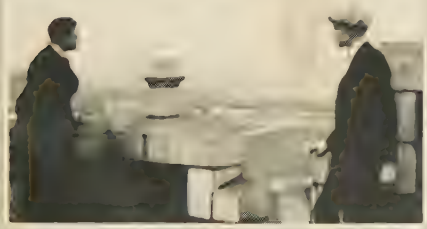
The Witching Hour
"When a mans a man"
KRAZY = KOTS
Why so serious Ruth?
LES Miserables
Reveries of ?
ODDS ARE EVEN
CAMOUFLAGE
Step right up - boys!

Cowboy Pete
"HE TREATS 'EM ROUGH!"
"GOLD DUST TWINS"
"MARY DOLLS UP"
"THE HOTTENTOT"
"THE DANGEROUS AGE"
"OH! HAROLD"
AROUND THE WORLD IN 8 DAYS
"A TENNIS WIZ"
"CALL OF THE WILD"

THE ART CLASS

OUR PHOTOGRAPHER

READY TO ELOPE



FROM THE TOWER

BEFORE THE SHOW

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

The
PEAR
TREE

ACTIVITIES

Society

As the day follows the night, so the social season follows the football season. No sooner had the last turkey been eaten than a crowd of gay, young people assembled at the Waite gym for the Varsity Dance, an annual affair honoring our foot-ball men, who give their best and sacrifice much for Waite. Though we lost the Thanksgiving game, one could not have told it from the looks of the young people who danced happily to the music of Snover's Orchestra.

Then followed the Senior Christmas Dinner, on December 22, just the time of year when Mother Earth gets out her snowy blankets. Could anything have been better than that delicious dinner served by the juniors to their upper class friends, and their guests? At this time, also, the seniors had the pleasure of hearing the municipal judge of Toledo, Aaron B. Cohn. His talk, short, to the point, and most interesting, inspired in his hearers as ambition to strive for higher things. After the dinner, there was dancing in the gymnasium.

After the Christmas dinner and following close on the heels of St Nicholas, came the Periclean bridge tea, on December 27, in the fountain room of LaSalle and Koch's. This tea was the first of its kind to be given by any literary society at Waite and it was met with great success.

Then came the new year, and with it not so many resolutions, perhaps, but another senior affair—a Parents-Teachers' Mixer. Most of the members of the class appeared with their parents as a result of a promise by the faculty not to disclose class room secrets.

Following that, the seniors presented on January 11, Mr. Eugene L. Miller in "The King's Rival." In this play, Mr. Miller, a member of our faculty, played the role of the ardent lover. On this evening the juniors sold candy made by the home economics classes.

It would be a mistake to imagine that all the successful social events of the past year were given by the seniors, for they weren't. The juniors proved themselves excellent

hosts and hostesses. Anyone who attended the "J" Hop on February 7 will surely agree to that. The Woman's Building was transformed into a veritable valentine land and a very lovely one at that.

Though the juniors opened the month of February, the seniors closed it by presenting the Toledo Opera Association in "Girofle-Girofla." It was one of the best affairs sponsored by the senior class.

The next event of prominence was the Greenwood Gathering of the Quill and Dagger Literary Society in the gymnasium, on March 1. All of Robin Hood's men and their ladies danced in a make believe Sherwood Forest. A canopy of smilax emphasized the idea of a wood, and Ye Greenwood Inn added greatly to the attractiveness of the decorations.

After the Greenwood Gathering, came the Zetalethean dance, on April 5, the Mah Jongg Tumble, and quite Mah-Jongg-like it was, to be sure. Mah Jongg blocks and Chinese lanterns converted the gym into a bit of the Orient. It was clearly a case of "East is West." The music was furnished by the Venetian Orchestra, which had played for the Q. D. dance the month before.

From the far east we journeyed to Rome for the Forum dance, on April 26. The old Roman Forum was reproduced in charming detail to make the surroundings appear like the ancient city by the Tiber.

In America, last but not least, the Pericleans gave their annual dance. This year it was "The Gingham Gavotte," given in Gingham Glen, on May 10th, just when the flowers were blooming and the birds returned from the south. The gymnasium was transformed into a vast garden, with flowers, hedges, a summer house, and even a fountain. Gingham handkerchiefs grew on trees, and other miracles of nature quite as serious delighted the guests.

The evening of May 17th brought with it the closing dance of the year—the Senior Prom. A brilliant affair, it was given by the Class of '24, at the Woman's Building.

Scarcely had the echoes of this unusually attractive dance died away, when we attended the Senior Banquet, on May 22, in the fountain room at LaSalle and Koch's. An air of expectation enshrouded the guests, for they were to receive their Annuals, to learn to whom the Purple and Gold was dedicated, to hear the poem, history, prophecy, and will. Besides this was the last time the members of the Class of '24 would be together, as a class.

To May 22, we added seven days, and reached May 29, Class Day! On this, of all days, rain would be a tragedy! Joyfully we boarded our faithful friend, the "Greyhound," made our way down the Maumee into Lake Erie. High-spirited and joyful, we clambered over the gangplank at Sugar Island. Having spent the day eating, dancing, and being merry, we returned to take up our duties for the few remaining days of the year.

The Reverend Stockdale, on the evening of June 1st, delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon. His talk was full of sound advice, solemn warning, and earnest exhortation.

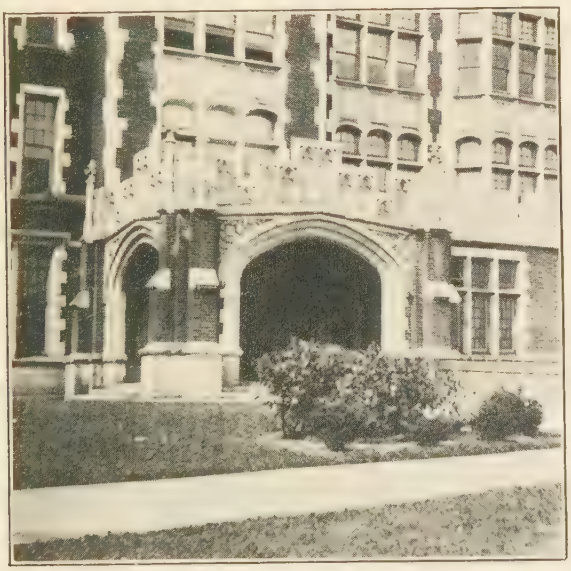
Besides the Senior Banquet, there were those given by the four literary societies and the Friendship and Hi-Y Clubs.

The Periclean Banquet was held at the Woman's City Club on March 27. The affair is an annual one, at which members of the three chapters from Waite, Scott, and Libbey, are present. Miss Annette Cull, who has conducted a number of parties abroad, spoke of her travel in Europe.

The Zetaletheans were next. They held their banquet at the Toledo Yacht Club, in May, while the Forum and Q. D'.s held theirs in June. The Mothers' and Daughters' Banquets of the Friendship and Hi-Y Clubs were held on May 3, and May 16 respectively, in the school refectory. All are annually given; and create much interest among the society members. In addition to the last play of the year, Richard III, which was given by the Seniors on April 4th, were two operettas, given by the Glee Club. The one, "Crowning of the Gypsy Queen," was given on March 15, while the other, "College Days," was given early in the year on November 14.

Then too, on April 11, the junior class brought the Ohio Weslyan Glee Club. The concert was followed by a dance in the gym.

Time would fail to tell of the minor social attractions of the year. There were many of them, to be sure. By the time the social activities had ended, the school year was over, and Mother Nature was inviting her children to enjoy the great out-of-doors.



To A Violet

Thou humblest of the flowers God hath made,
That dwellest in the shade of forest tree
And in sequestered glade,
More beauty in no flower that grows I see
Than shines in thy sweet face serenely staid.
A loveliness no other blossom wears,
A grace, a charm, a texture richly rare
Belong to thee, to thee alone they're given,
Thou gem dropped down to earth from highest heaven.

Blue such as thine ne'er graced the ethereal sky
That bends above the earth on summer morn
And doth the storm defy;
Fond Mother Nature smiled when thou wert born,
Nor doth she e'er forget thee or pass by
Thy charms unnoticed, for, with gentle grace
She wipes the tears from thy uplifted face,
And fans with lingering breeze the lowly spot
That serves thee for a home—and cheers thy lot.

How oft thou bloomest hid from man's rude gaze,
Nor hearest in solitudes a human voice;
But shyly thou dost raise
Thine eyes to heaven, and lovest well the choice
Of thy existence, hearing but the lays
Of forest birds that pour their woodland notes
Without restraint, from well-nigh bursting throats;
Beholding but the forest creatures roam
At large o'er field and wood, their cherished home.

Thou violet, loved of nature, take the place
I offer thee in this my heart of hearts,
And in life's fevered race,
Let me not, while in the crowded marts,
Forget the gracious influence of thy face.
Bloom on, and in thy blooming be to me
Reminder sweet of modest purity;
Content to live and do thy humble part
To gladden though 'twere but a single heart

ATHLETICS

The Athletic Year

A brief summary of the athletic activities, from the basketball season last year through the cage season of 1924, is not out of place here.

The year was filled with brilliant endeavor. Baseball, Track, Tennis, Golf, Football, and Basketball were the sports in which our boys competed. City champions were determined in baseball, basketball and football. Two of these are in our possession. Was the year a success? Waite entered thirty-eight games and won thirty-four.

The baseball team started socking the ball, and never let up. Of the twelve games played, all were victories. John Ehrle acted as coach, and Carl Julius captained the squad.

Track followed baseball, and though Waite accounted for little on the basis of points scored, much preparatory training was accomplished under Dave Brown. Track bids fair to become once more a major sport at Waite.

Tennis and golf also entered into the physical education schedule last spring. Lawrence Jarvie was among the leaders in the high school golf tournament. No varsity was chosen in tennis, but interest is so high at present that match games are sure to be played. Inter-ecciety indcor, and fcotball varsity practice wound up the spring program.

With the opening of school in the fall, another sport took the stage. Football did much for Waite's athletic reputation. Larry Bevan coached the boys, and Carl Kinker led them to nine victories and two defeats.

Basketball proved to be the silver-lined cloud. Out of a green club at the beginning of the year, John Ehrle developed the city champs, teaching them enough to win nine of their twelve games. Captain Campbell and Limerick earned for themselves envious names as court men. Center Duffy rose 6 feet 7 inches in the air. Every member on the squad gave good account of himself.

The teams were supported with unswerving loyalty. The rooters as well as the teams, were good sports. During the Scott game, the spelling of W-A-I-T-E and the cheering of the Waite Students were more widely commented on than the game itself. At the close of the struggle, when the Waite gang rose and sang, "Loyal to Old Waite High" the surging throng stopped in silence, payed a sincere tribute to the greatest bunch of rooters that ever gave a "Team Rah!"

"Here's to the Purple, and here's to the Gold, and here's to the school we love."

Mr. Klag
Faculty Manager

Fred W. Klag

"Great things come in small packages." This may be true, but one glance at Fred Klag convinces us that great things sometimes come in large packages, too.

Victory or defeat, our faculty manager is a true representative of Waite. "It is more honorable to play a great team, regardless of the outcome, than to eat fish," is his slogan. Following this idea the nation's best have vied with Waite's clubs for honors.

The remarkable crowds which attend the school games, and the manner in which they are cared for, pay a lasting tribute to the ability of Fred Klag.

"On, Waite High!" we sing, and if we all push as "Freddie" does, there will be no halting point in our progress.

Leslie Shauf

The phrase, "Work for the night is coming" means nothing to Leslie Shauf. As student manager, "Les" labored day and night.

The care of the uniforms and paraphernalia, the upkeep of the athletic grounds, and furnishing the records desired by the coaches comprise the duties of the student manager. After practice is over an hour's work faces him.

To have chosen a fitter, better man would have been difficult, for the task well done is the task Shauf did. We hope Les will be as proud of his manager's "W" as we are to have him wear the emblem.

Leslie Shauf
Student Manager

Wearers of the "W"

Football

LAWRENCE JARVIE, *Capt. Elect*

Captain Kinker
Robert Tiernan
Raymond Trumbull
James Wickenden
Glen Cole
Ray Domhoff
Erwin Siewert
Kenneth Arnold
Leonard Reilly
John Dunn
Charles Limerick
Albert Bueschsenschuss
Gerald Steinecker
DeWitt Fought
Pete Pencoff
Clarence Ritter
Kenneth Newbright
William Bannister

Baseball

Captain Julius
Victor Domhoff
Harold Conrad
Stony Kamishi
Carl Berndt
Harold Wunderly
James McGuire
Ray Herman
Carl Stamman
Ray Domhoff
Paul Gebhart
Tony Zierberjewski
Al Francis
Ray Mengel
Charles Martin
John O'Brien

Track

Frank Pauly
David Bassett
Harry Simmons
Clayton Matt
Franklin Breisacher

Basketball

Captain Campbell
Raymond Domhoff
Irvin Siewert
Ben Pencheff
Milton Owen
George Duffey
Charles Limerick
Pete Pencoff
George Muelleck
Frank Whitney

Cheerleader

Gaylord Bancroft

Pinky Bancroft

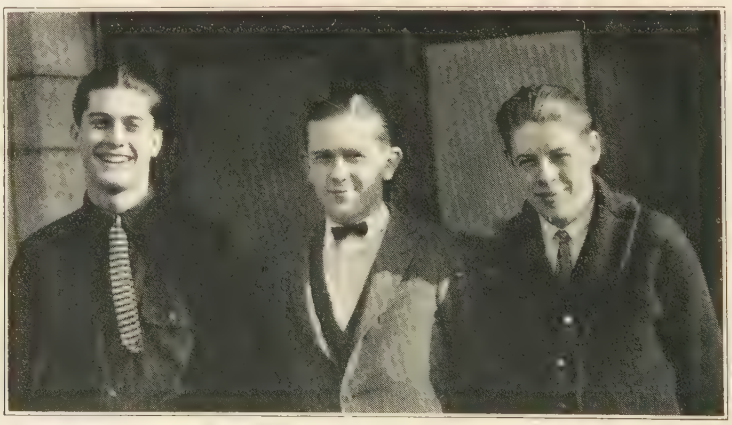
The Cheerleaders

Rah! Rah! Rah! Team Rah! Hit it over there! You're right the cheerleaders certainly were efficient this year.

The corps were led by Gaylord Bancroft, demon rah boy. "Pinkie" wins the cheer leader sweater and we defy the world to find one more deserving and competent.

Wardell Jett and Art Force assisted the red headed clown. Their work developed the spirit for which Waite drew much favorable comment.

The girls even enjoyed yelling in accompaniment with the swinging arms of Jetty while Art did not specialize as neither sex bother this carefree artist.



Wardell Jett Gaylord Bancroft Arthur Force

John Ehrle

John Ehrle

To write an article on the work of Mr. Ehrle is a task to be "shied at" by an expert sport writer. For a novice to put into writing the appreciation we feel for Mr. Ehrle is especially difficult.

Last year when baseball was resumed, John Ehrle was selected coach, and twelve welcome victories resulted. No baseball mentor in town produced a team able to defeat "Ehrle's gang."

As a basketball coach he demonstrated his ability by turning out the city champs. Being a far-sighted man, he has laid a foundation upon which famous fives are sure to be built.

It must be a comfortable experience to have coached two teams and to have won two championships. Hats off to Mr. Ehrle!

Baseball

Play Ball! This phrase was revived in Toledo High Schools through the efforts of Jack Fluhrer, assisted by Toledo business men, who furnished the high school baseball teams with uniforms and supplies.

The season opened with Waite playing St. John's. Our club had an easy time winning, but looked a little weak on the defense. In the next game, Coaches Ehrle and Stuart sent a stronger defensive club on the field, and Tech was easily overthrown. It was evident at this time that all the teams were about ready to play some real baseball. This statement proved true in the next game between Waite and Central. Waite won 3-2. Scott was next disposed of by a satisfying score.

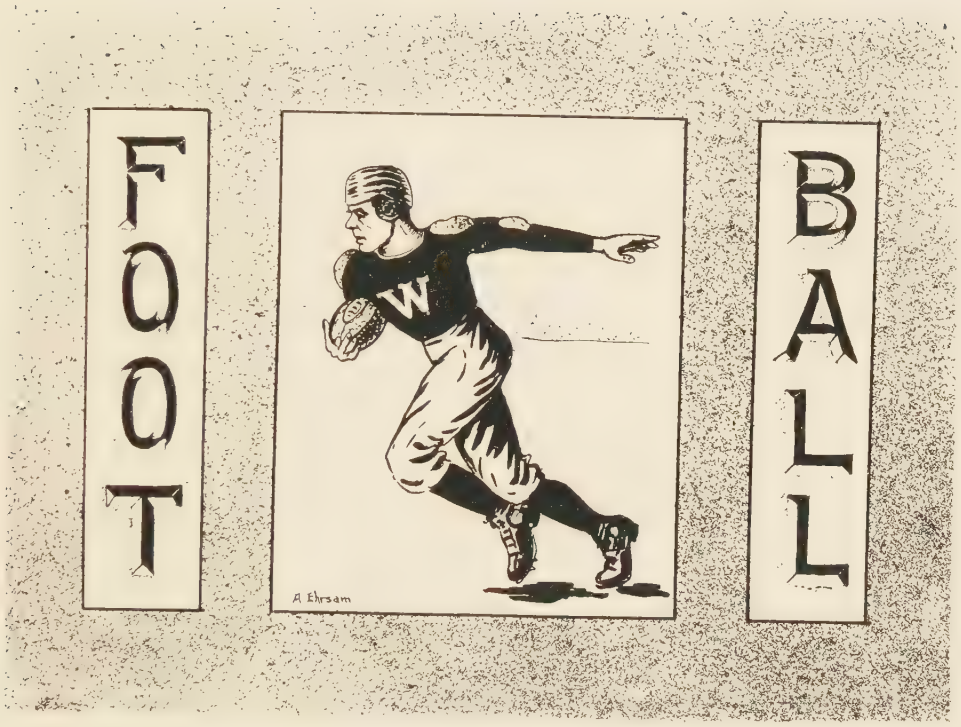
This round robin style of play continued throughout the spring. Each team played twelve games. Waite finished as undisputed champion by virtue of 12 clean and overwelcome victories. The Toledo papers chose an all-star club and, joyful to relate, seven Waiters won honorary positions on this club.

Captain Julius, besides hitting .512, was the choice of catchers. Conrad at first base proved a demon. He could reach anywhere and always return with the pellet. Vic Domhoff played the keystone sack better than any of his rivals. Kamaski was the fast-pegging, scooping, snagging shortfielder. Stony won his place. Cully Berndt held down the hot corner and, though not chosen an all city man, was nobody's fool. Paul Gebhart was the center fielder and the star of the club. "Geb" won all-city mention, as did "Butch" Domhoff, the right fielder, Tony Zierberjewski was the ball hawk in left field. Tony failed to win the mention. Lefty McGuire, Jack O'Brien and Carl Stamman alternated on the rubber. Lefty was chosen as Toledo's best prep school flinger.

When we look at the cup these champions brought to us, we feel justly proud. Here's our fondest praise and greatest admiration for the champions of champions.

Baseball Lineup

Gebhart	CF	Martin
V. Domhoff	2B	
Berndt	3B	Herman
Kamiski	SS	
Conrad	1B	
R. Domhoff	RF	Francis
Julius Wenderly	C	
Zierberjewski	LF	
McGuire, O'Brien	P	
Stamman		


FOOT
W
A. Ehrsam
BALL

Larry Bevan

Time—Any bright Saturday in autumn.

Place—The Bowl

Thousands of fans are in the bleachers. A procession winds into the field. That's Larry leading, and the bunch behind him is the football squad. Can they play? The answer is YES!

Under Larry Bevan's guidance, the team has played forty-six games, forty-one of which have been victories for the Purple and Gold. "A good record," you say. And, to be sure, it is!

Harold Fletcher
Line Coach

Noble Jones
Assistant Coach

The Coaches

To the men who assisted the head coaches, we lift our voices in praise. Assistant coaches have the duty of developing men not yet ready for varsity games.

Harold Fletcher came to us from Chicago University. His personality and his knowledge of football proclaim him a great line coach. We hope to see "Fletch" back in the Bowl next year.

Noble Jones reported every afternoon to help in the develpoment of the "Golden Tornado." We are positive that when things begin moving next fall, "Nobe" will be able to leave "the pleasures of home" long enough to pay some valuable attention to our gridders.

David Brown
Assistant Coach

J. C. Collins
Freshman

The Coaches

Our next call is for "Rip" Collins who, though not a physical giant, accomplished a giant's task. Joe assisted Larry and John Ehrle and more than one athlete would have been overlooked, had it not been for the watchful eye of Mr. Collins. We smile with satisfaction when we think that this man will continue to give Waite the best he has.

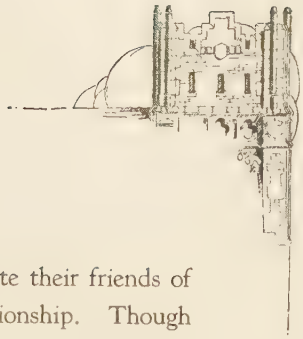
Dave Brown assisted in developing speed in the team. As speed in action is essential to winners, Dave's work in this regard must not be overlooked.

Football Lineup

Jarvie	R. E.	
Trumbull	R. T.	Fought
Arnold	R. G.	Steinecker
Reilly	C.	Limerick
Dunn	L. G.	Bueschsenschuss
Siewert	L. T.	Ritter
Wickenden	Q. B.	Pencoff
Kinker (c)	R. H.	Newbright
Domhoff	L. H.	O'Brien
Cole	F. B.	

WAITE	Score	Touchdowns	Goals after Touchdowns	Field Goals	First Downs	Total Yards Gained	Penalties
At Home	33	5	3	0	14	191	0
At Home	7	1	1	0	12	164	20
At Home	73	11	7	0	18	212	15
At Home	19	3	1	0	13	189	5
Visiting	40	6	4	0	21	471	15
At Home	68	10	8	0	23	425	65
At Home	74	12	2	0	30	576	20
At Home	6	1	0	0	10	214	25
At Home	115	18	7	0	too	numerous	
At Home	13	2	1	0	12	337	20
Visiting	14	2	2	0	14	298	55
Total for Waite	482	71	36	0	167	3068	240

OPPONENTS	Score	Touchdowns	Goals after Touchdowns	Field Goals	First Downs	Total Yards Gained	Penalties
Morenci, Mich.	3	0	0	1	3	47	15
Glenville (Cleveland, O.)	0	0	0	0	8	153	5
South Park (Buffalo, N. Y.)	0	0	0	0	2	31	5
Pine Bluff (Arkansas)	7	1	1	0	2	173	50
Louisville (Male High, Ky.)	0	0	0	0	5	80	5
Woodward Tech. (Toledo)	0	0	0	0	3	165	15
Terre Haute (Indiana)	7	1	1	0	5	104	5
Cedar Rapids (Iowa)	10	1	1	1	8	354	40
Columbus West (Ohio)	0	0	0	0	1	25	15
Scott High (Toledo, Ohio)	14	2	2	0	8	344	25
Lake Charles (Louisiana)	0	0	0	0	2	36	10
Total for Opponents	41	5	5	2	47	1412	190



Congratulations

The student body, faculty, and athletic department congratulate their friends of Scott High on their success as winners of the national football championship. Though the championship was our aim, Scott arrived there first. We whole-heartedly compliment our sister school on her success.

Long live the friendliest of friendly rivals, Waite and Scott forever!

Jimmie Carr

All work and no play makes Jim a dull boy. This is entirely without foundation for our Jimmie can labor incessantly and still remain the bright old student.

As assistant to the Student Manager "Jim" rendered Waite a great deal of service this year. As manager next year we hope Carr's work will be carried on.

We are glad to give you an official emblem this year Jim and hope you will earn the rest of them that are headed your way.

James Carr
Ass't Student Manager

A winner or not? This seemed to be the question on the lips of every football follower in the early days of September. Waite had lost every regular from last season, save the old reliable "Pete" Trumbull and the ever ready Bob Tiernan, who were waiting to tackle any opposition set before them.

On September 22, the Morenci warriors attacked Fort Waite. General Bevan's forces met and decisively defeated them on the old field where many a battle has been waged. Thirty-three times Captain Kinker led his men on scoring expeditions, while Captain Griffith made only three successful sallies.

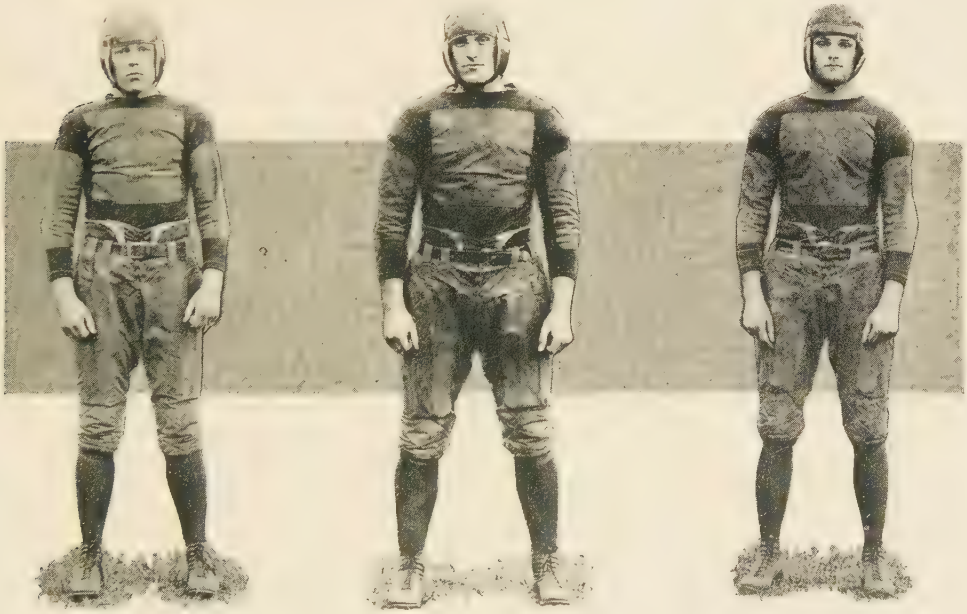
One week later Larry Napolean Bevan was called upon to face the onslaught of the Glenville army, said to be the crack division of the country around Cleveland. The battle raged even terms throughout. In the last two minutes of play, with the backs of the boys in Purple and Gold, to the wall, Corporal Wickenden and Private Jarvie planned an overhead attack which netted a decisive gain. Three line charges had been futile.

In thirty-nine seconds hostilites would cease. Corporal Wickenden and Captain Kinker again resorted to the air game. Wickenden scarcely let the missile fly before he was brought to earth. It sailed on, into the waiting hands of Captain Kinker. Six points for Waite, and Wickenden made it seven.

The peace treaty allowed Waite the benefit of as sweet a victory as was ever won.

October 26, South Park High School of Buffalo sent her famous warriors here to try their strength. They did. And lo, before the sun had set on the frontier line, the Waite general had called in his strong battalions, and had sent his reserves into the fray. The youngsters, led by smiling "Ken" Newbright, advanced the score to 76-0.

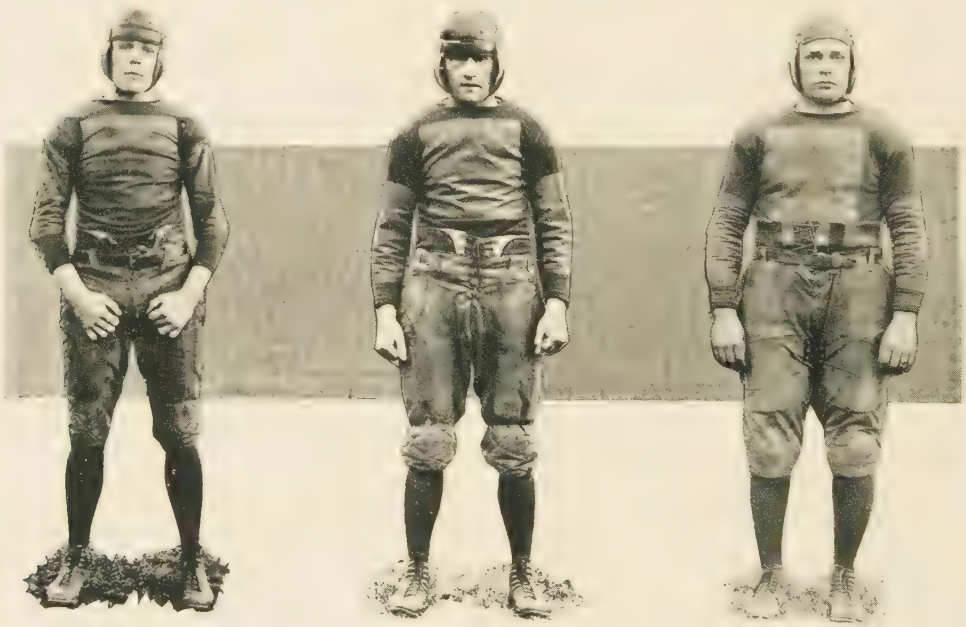
The Zebras from the land of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, broke loose from their native state and terrorized the East side community the week following the Buffalo scrimmage.



Saturday, Oct. 13, Fred Klag, "Minister of War," sent the famous Tornado out to rid our territory of this pest. Captain Kinker and his men trapped them in the Bowl and beat them 19-7. Hurray for our heroes!

The old north and south question arose immediately after the victory. Minister Klag packed the trunks and conveyed his army to the scene of the conflict at Louisville, Kentucky. "Duke" Reilly was the shining light, as our defenders rolled up a 40-0 victory.

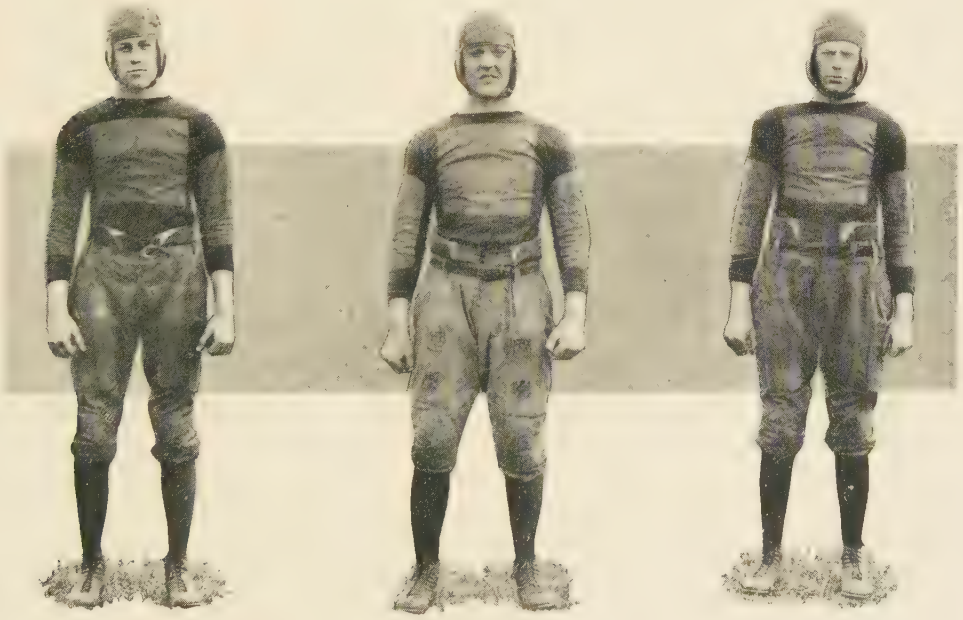
Our friends from Woodward Tech became elated by their sudden rise, and tramped over to the east bank of the Maumee searching for trouble. They found it and though "Butch" Domhoff was seriously injured, Waite fought and marched on. The peace treaty was signed when Waite offered her famous 68 points, and refused to accept one of Tech's. Etter and Horning signed with heavy hearts.



The famous, "goose step legion," from Terre Haute next invaded our land. They left behind them the memories of battle, and a 76-7 victory for the Purple and Gold doughboys.

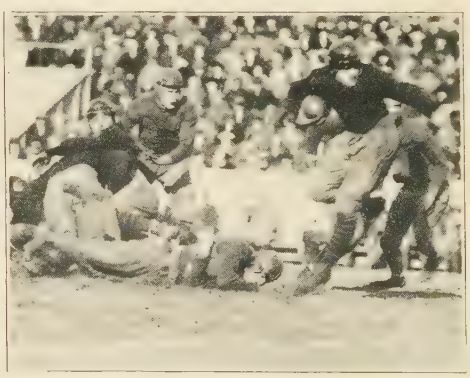
Cedar Rapids next felt the desire for Waite blood, having been forced to yield before Bevan's power one year before. They came, they saw, they conquered. Though Waite fought desperately, they were able to gain but six points, while Marek scored ten. If they see fit to invade our land next year, the story may be different.

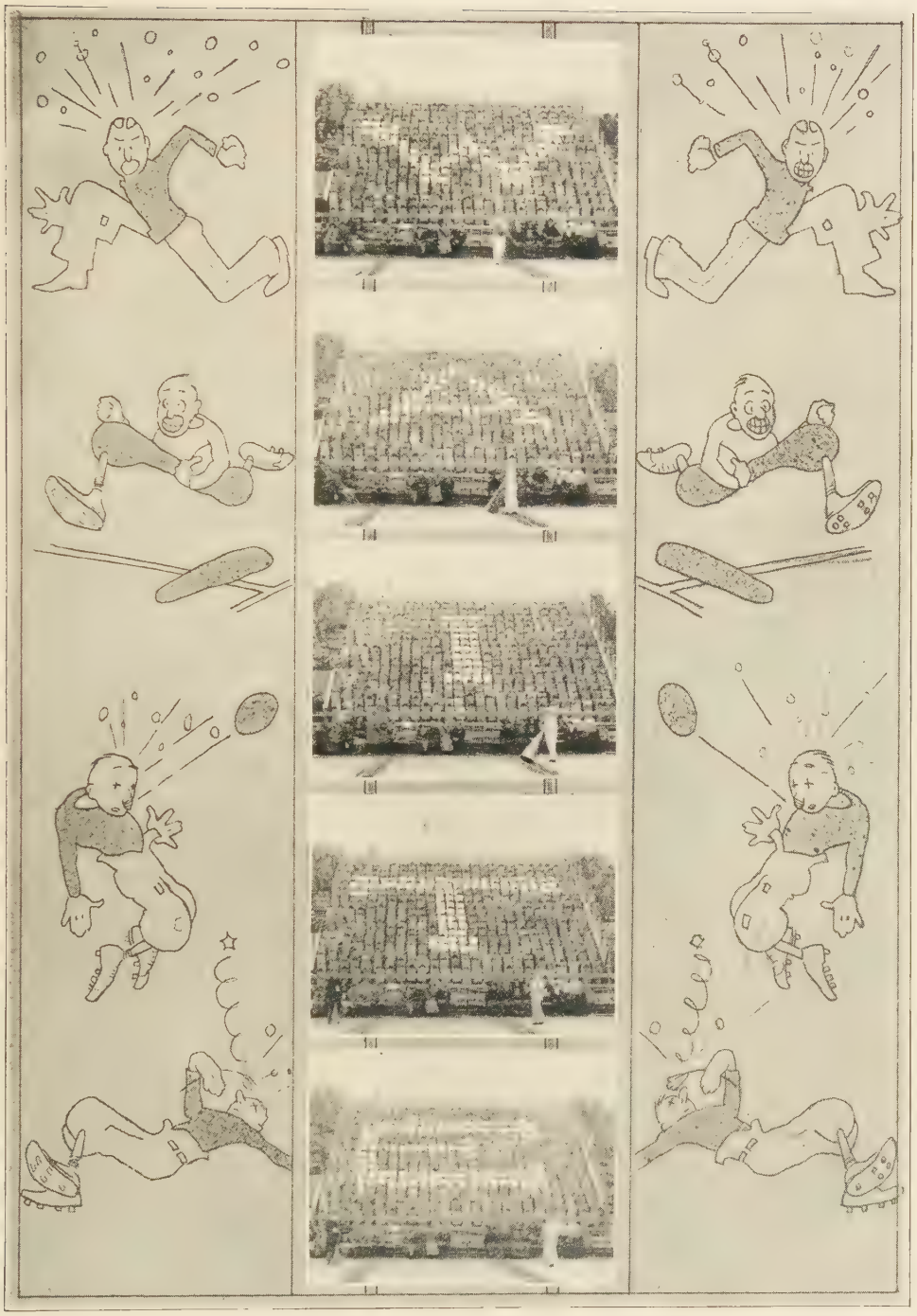
Our Columbus rivals, hearing of Waite's loss, and sensing a weakening of our troops, chose to challenge us to battle. In a frolic of fun, "Bevan's Boies"—did what? They won 115-0. Yes, a score with three figures IS right!



For the last few years the difficulties of Waite and Scott have been settled on Scott Field, but this year the clash occurred at Waite. In the early moments of the struggle, Captain Kinker attacked, and Scott retreated 70 yards for a goal. Scott jumped into the lead in the third quarter of the repetition of Austerlitz, and though the Waiters laid down their strongest defense, Scott was given the Turkey. Score 14-13.

As a reward for the perilous victories they had won for Waite, the boys were taken on a trip to Louisiana. It seems that Lake Charles doubted the supremacy of our representatives, and the southern city had to be convinced. Score 14-0. Thus ended the greatest season ever experienced by a squad under the dear old Purple and Gold. We, who no longer will be able to watch the games as Waite students, know that our memory of the team will long remain with us. Yet we expect future teams to carry on, and, if possible, to go farther.





Basket Ball

JOHN EHRLE

The morning announcements told us that Coach Ehrle's varsity would play Joe Collins' Cage Dwellers in the gym. Thoroughly curious we saw the game, and we must admit that the varsity looked none too good. A week later the bunch showed promise by defeating the Alumni 28 to 20. It was plain to see that the team had not yet steadied down.

St. Mary's came next. Our boys started playing basketball at the first whistle, and were still going great at the crack of the pistol. St. Mary's garnered 23 points to Waite's 36. Ten men performed valiantly and evenly for Waite.

Up to this time Tech had been cleaning everything in sight, and looked good enough to clean us for the first three quarters of the game. With five minutes to go,, Woodward led 19-14. At the close of the game, Captain Campbell walked off the floor with the ball, and the right to 26-19 victory. "Red" Limerick performed that night as a particular star.

Libbey Rah! But whoa Libbey! Not too fast. Waite is playing, don't forget that The result of this game was a 26-16 victory, for the Purple and Gold.

Then the boys took a trip. Bucyrus swallowed the bitter pill of defeat by the score of 32-28. Benny Pencheff caged five fielders in the last four minutes. Kenton experienced the same fate by the score of 21-20. "Red" Limerick shot three-fourths of the length of the long floor, for a fielder which decided the game in the last five seconds of play.

The clash with Bellvue came next, in which Duffy and Pencoff led the squad in 34-14 triumph. The Waite boys did not exert themselves, and appeared at times to be loafing.

"You're over the River now," old Scott, and, by the way, here is a little 26-16 defeat to carry back with you. The whole Waite team was responsible for this victory. Campbell was a wizzard on the floor, while Limerick's defense play stood out in bold relief. This game clinched the city championship.

Tech disputed the right of Waite to represent Toledo at Columbus, on the grounds that she had not yet met our clan on Tech's floor. The dispute was settled to the satisfaction of everyone by a 32-8 count, with Waite on the long end of the score. Waite played as a unit.

In the State Tournament at Columbus, the Waite cagers started a rally too late, too late, and though by sheer fight, coupled with ability they brought the score from 22-11 to 23-19, the final whistle blew too soon, and Waite was forced to cede to Springfield the palm of victory.

Waite returned from Columbus, looking foward to the Libbey clash. The south enders were in there to win, fair or foul. In the game, Waite fell 16-13. So gentle were the Libbeyites that Duffey lost three teeth, while Campbell carried the imprint of a shoe for weeks, Waite likes nothing so much as a clean straight game, and the Libbey game was far from that.

Our old rival Scott still remained on the schedule. We lost, but only after the hardest of playing. Ralph Merickle, Scott's Captain, played a great game. Long shots from beyond the center of the floor spelled our doom. The contest was close, but the final analysis gave Scott the edge 34-32. Duffy looped six fielders, and Campbell was a whale of a floor man. "Red" Limerick stopped the opponents time after time. Good sportsmanship and clean playing prevailed throughout.

BASKETBALL LINEUP

Campbell (c)	R. T.	Whitney
Domhoff	L. T.	Pencoff
Duffey	C.	Siewert
Owens	R. G.	Pencoff
Limerick	L. G.	Muelleck

DAVID BROWN

DAVE BROWN

Our track and field coach holds a responsible position in our school Though the character of his work does not lend itself to display, "Dave" toils steadily for a greater Waite.

The track teams pay their own tribute to his labors and ability. As gym director this man keeps the boys under his care in splendid shape. Associated with him is Ted Kellar.

Keep up the good work. "Dave," Waite needs it.

TED KELLAR

Track

When Coach Brown calls for track candidate this year, he will be able to expect a squad of seasoned men. Nearly all of last year's club, and many promising new men are in school.

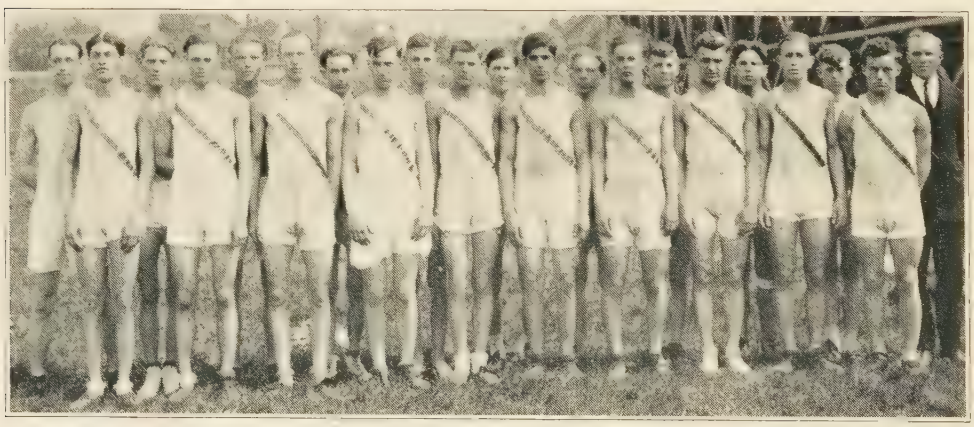
The first meet engaged in last year was the National Field Day, at Pittsburgh. The cream of the nation competed here, and our speedsters were successful only in the trial heats. Carnegie Tech sponsored the meet.

The Sandusky meet was another place where our men were forced to come in behind the leaders. Sandusky won the meet. Pauly, Bassett, Breiscacher, and Matt stepped fast enough to be eligible for the state finals at Columbus.

At the state finals Bassett finished fourth among the broad jumpers. A Cleveland High School came in first.

This year in the interclass meet held at the Y. M. C. A., Feb. 22, Scott finished first, with 54 points, Waite second scoring 36 points. Tech, Libbey and Central finished in the order named.

The relay team will go to Columbus early in April, and weekly meets are scheduled thereafter.



Girls' Athletic Association

Officers

Alice Nauts	President
Evelyn Ricard	Vice President
Nellie Severance	Corresponding Secretary
Marian Carrel	Recording Secretary
Edith Weidner	Treasurer
Iris Culbertson	Senior
Mary Barnes	Junior
Ella Henneman	Sophomore
Mary Gonia	Freshmen

Girls' Athletics

The Girl's Athletic Association, which was organized last year, held its first meeting Monday, October 15, after which plans for the various sports were discussed and officers elected.

The girls are working for letters on a point system this year. Points are given to those participating in basketball, baseball, volley ball, track, hiking and hockey. The last two sports made their initial appearance at Waite this year. The four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores, and one freshman receiving the highest number of points will be given letters to be awarded at the gymnasium exhibition near the close of the school year

Miss Lickley, has had charge of the hikes, accompanying the girls on several pleasant jaunts through the country, after which a roast was frequently enjoyed by the hikers, at the end of their trip. Ten of these jolly journeys afforded the girls an opportunity to observe Nature and enjoy the great out-of-doors.

Girls' Hockey Team

Girls' Gym Class

Hockey which was under the supervision of Miss Wiles, proved an exhilarating pastime, and most of the girls entered with spirit into the game. Every Monday and Wednesday afternoon from September until November, arrayed in their gym suits, they gathered on the hockey field to swing a stick in this new sport. It was originally planned to have three class teams and play inter-class games, but unfavorable weather deferred this plan. Next year it is intended to develop teams of greater skill and ability.

While the upper classmen played hockey, the Freshmen had volley ball for their chief attraction. On November 20 the Freshmen girls played the Libbey Yearlings at Libbey High. The Purple and Gold teams evened the contests, Waite's first team winning and second team losing. Miss Brobst of Libbey and Miss Lecklider of Waite were the officials.

The first basketball practice took place early in December. A few weeks later, four class teams were organized and an inter-class tournament was arranged. A great deal of interest was shown during these games, with rooters always on hand to cheer for their favorite court performers. Although the seniors won the tournament, the sophomores ran a close second, losing the final game by only a few points.

In the spring, track and baseball came in for their share of attention. When the weather permitted, the girls played baseball outside.

The advance gym class composed of juniors and seniors began early in October. Indian club drills, marching, clogging and fancy dancing were the phases of gym work in which this class excelled. At the beginning of the second semester work began on the gym exhibition.

The exhibition was held April 23. Marching, tumbling and apparatus work, wand and club drills, and fancy dancing were the specialties of the advanced class, while the regular classes gave their attention to folk dances. The audiences at these annual displays of physical skill are always appreciative and enthusiastic, with plenty of praise for the gymnasium instructors who give so liberally of their time and energy for the benefit of athletics at Waite.

Miss Mildred Nelson, a graduate of the Sargent School of Physical Training is at the head of the physical training work of the entire city.

The work at Waite is under the supervision of two competent teachers, Miss Alice Lecklider and Miss Jane Wiles. Miss Lecklider is a graduate of the Savage School; Miss Wiles comes to us from Ypsilanti Normal, and was a member of the class of '21 at Waite.

We are much indebted to these two instructors for their unceasing endeavors to make the time spent in the gymnasium of real enjoyment, and of substantial benefit.

The Creek

'Tis silver dusk, with breath of chill
From marsh reeds on the shore;
And a little boat that floats so still—
The dip of idle oar!

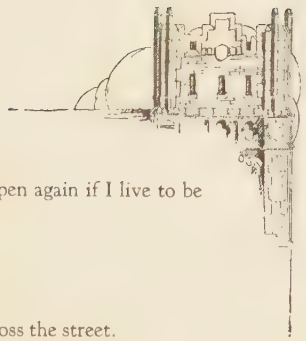
A cloud, a star, now bright, now dark,
Against the sunset sky;
The shrill, sweet lute of meadow-lark
In tangled grasses nigh!

Mirror of calm, the old creek winds,
Cloud, star, upon its breast—
A radiance soft, reflected finds
The new moon in the West!

Oh, heart, if coming day doth bring
Ill with the good—'tis right;
A cloud; a star; birds bravely sing;
And beauty crowns the night!

—Mary E. Wright

HUMOR



George Eggleston: "Something happened to me yesterday that can never happen again if I live to be a hundred."
Elgin Johnson: "What was that?"
George: "I was eighteen."

A Ford used to be a place to cross a stream. Now it's every place you try to cross the street.

Mr. Collins: "What is the golden rule, Wardell?"
Wardell: "Why, I don't know. They have a different one every Sunday."

Miss Wright: "Why ought we to read the best of literature?"
Edwin Border: "So we can appreciate the parodies."

Alice Kerschner: "I'm afraid I haven't written anything that will live."
Mrs. Allen: "Now dear, be glad you're living in spite of what you have written."

Aaron: "How did you like your ocean voyage?"
D. Pasch: "I don't know. I made the trip by rail."—*Ex.*

Miss Newbirt (handing Mr. Klagg a letter marked 'Ginn and Company'): "Have you any use for this."
Mr. Klag: "No; if I had the gin, I wouldn't want the company."

John White: "Heard you were out riding last night. Have a good time?"
Ralph Brown: "I'll tell the world! A rattling good time!"
John: "Whose Ford was it!"

How does the busy gossiper
Improve each shining minute!
She finds the newest little yarn
And then begins to spin it.—*Ex.*

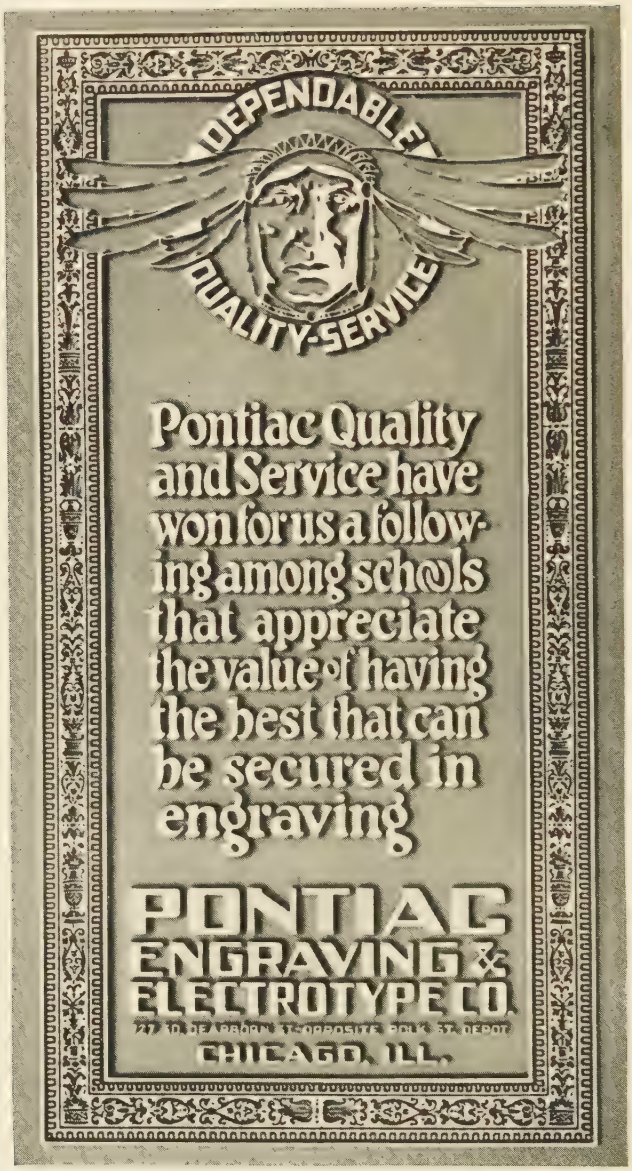
Miss Spayd: "Are you sure this is an original composition?"
LaVerne: "Yes, but you may possibly come across one or two words out of the dictionary."

"I want a dress to put on around the house," said the customer in the department store.
"How large is your house?" inquired the new clerk.—*Ex.*

"How are you feeling, George!" inquired the doctor upon visiting George Straubinger during his illness.
"Not so bad, doctor," replied George, "but my breathing troubles me."
"Well," assured the doctor, "I'll see if I can stop it."

Louise I.: "Mother, is 'Henry Esmond' here?"
Her mother: "I thought you were going out with Gail tonight."

R. Huenfelt: "I hear Duffy had three teeth knocked out at the Libbey game."
D. Shausten: "Gosh! I didn't know they could reach that high!"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First Senior: "Helen Theaker reminds me of a poem I used to know."
Second Senior: "What's that?"
First Senior: "Beside a Babbling Brook."

Jerry: "What can I do to bring my weight down?"
Bob: "Step on a banana peel."

Florence Boycheff: "When I sing, tears come into my eyes. What can I do?"
Mr. Ball: "Try putting cotton in your ears."

"My father occupied the chair of Applied Physics at Cambridge."
"That's nothing. My father occupied the chair of Applied Electricity at Sing Sing."—*Ex.*

Mule in the back yard, lazy and slick;
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick.
Creeps up behind him sly as a mouse—
Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.—*Ex.*

If it took six months to film the photoplay, "Six Days," how long will it take to produce "Three Weeks!" Or are you too daysed so answer?

Boy: "I'm going to have a radio set."
His Mother: "No you're not. I'm having trouble enough with cockroaches, and I'm not going to have the house overrun with those radio bugs I've been reading about."

Miss Lickley: "Put out your tongue; farther than that."
Harry McElroy: "I can't. It's fastened at the end."

Bust-a-quizz, buss-a-quizz, Waite High man,
So I will, teacher, as fast as I can;
Cross it, and check it, and mark it with "D."
And put it on the chair arm for poor little me.

Darwin O'Dell (at "J" hop): "Is the pleasure of the next dance to be mine?"
Helen Theaker: "Yes, all of it."

Miss Wiles (in the gym): "Some girls use dumb-bells to put color on their cheeks."
Evelyn Ricard: "Yes, and some girls use color on their cheeks to get dumb-bells."

"Mr. Mathais," said Louis Halbach, trying to be pathetic at the parting, "I'm indebted to you for all I know."
"Pray don't mention such a trifle," was his kind teacher's reply.

Barbara Fry: "May I be excused? I don't feel well."
Miss Lickley: "Where do you feel worst?"
Barbara: "In chemistry."

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Farmer: "Yes, lady; we have some of the best detours in the State."

Mac: "When my cat jumped over the fence last night, I was reminded of a penny."
Austin: "How's that?"
Mac: "Heads on one side and tails on the other."

Miss Garver: (In math. class). "Now watch the board while I run through it once more."

Miss Cowell: "In the sentence, 'The dog, the cat, and the parrot were left at home', what comes after the dog?"
Lorin Kerr: "His tail."

Silvia Northrup: "I know I'll be dead tired the first of April."
Mary Wright: "What makes you think so?"
Silvia: "I'll be through thirty-one days of March."

Mr. Pollock: "I hear your son, Bob, burns the midnight oil."
Mr. Tewksbury: "Yes—in the form of gasoline."

Waite High School Teacher: "They say ignorance is bliss. Then my pupils are always in a blissful state.

TRIALS OF A GIRL.

If she talks too much she's a bore.
If she doesn't she's uninteresting.
If she goes with all the boys she's a flirt.
If she goes with one, she's married or can't get anyone else.
If she's athletic she loses her maidenly charm.
If she isn't—Well, girls can't do much anyhow:
So kindly tell me what a poor girl is going to do that
will meet with approval?

Mary: "Pete has a horse that he calls 'Imagination' ".
D. Cramer: "How's that?"
Mary: "Why, the old thing runs away with him all the time."

Mr. Canfield (to Edgar): "Do you sit here alone with your thoughts?"
Edgar Lalendorf: "No, sir; just me."

Overheard at a directors' meeting:" While we are sitting here, let us see how we stand on running expenses."

Bizzy: "Did you say he awoke one day to find himself famous?"
Boddy: "No, I didn't. I said he dreamed he was famous, and then he awoke."—*Ex.*

There are three classes of girls: The intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.

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Miss Hall: "I want two good seats for this afternoon, in the coolest part of the theatre."
Ticket Seller: "All right. Here are two in "Z" row."— *Ex.*

Mr. Leach: "What is the Latin race?"
Duke: "Dunno. I never went out for track."

Jim (on the football tour): "Is Lake Charles the next stop?"
Porter: "Yassah. Brush you off, sah?"
Jim: "No, I'll get off myself."

The shades of night were falling fast,
The fool "Stepped on her," and rushed past;
And when he died without a sound,
They opened up his head and found Excelsior! *Ex.*

Dunn: "What are you wearing so many coats for on such a hot day?"
Bunn: "Well, I was going to paint the garage, and the directions said: 'To get best results, put on three coats'."— *Ex.*

HIS HOSTESS

He: "Isn't this a stupid party!"
She: "Yes."
He: "Why not let me take you home?"
She: "Sorry, I live here."

DIFFERENT MATTER

Boss: "I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work."
C. Hannum: "I wasn't working, sir, only whistling."

Anna Lou: "It's very good of you to ask me for this dance."
Allan T.: "Don't mention it; it's a charity ball."

FATHERLY ADVICE

"Yes, my boy, think of the mighty oak; it was once a nut like you."

SOME DANCER!

M. Carrol (overheard at our last dance): "Do you like the floor?"
Duffy: "Why Yes."
M. C.: "Then dance on it."

Elgin Johnson: "Who was Homer?"
Jimmy McQuire: "The guy Babe Ruth made famous."

Mr. Price: "That makes the third time you have looked at Clayton Matts' paper."
James Hulse: "I know but he doesn't write very plainly."

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University of Wisconsin
Waite High School
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Western Reserve University
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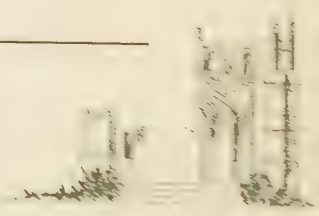


Doctor: "I don't like your heart action. You've got some trouble with Angina Pectoris."
Pete English: "You're partly right, doctor, only that aint' her name."

Miss Griffith (in Geometry): "What is a circle?"
Marian Larkin: "A curve that goes around and meets itself."

"Excuse me, sir," suggested the taxi driver respectfully, "but your son always gives me twice as big a ti p as this."
"Well, he can afford it." replied Mr. Wickenden. "He's got a rich father."

Agent: "Hey, kid, where's your father?"
Kid: "He's down in the pig pen. You'll know him' cause he has a hat on."

Pete (raging): "I'm losing my mind!"
Mary: "No wonder! Every time you see me you give me a piece of it."

Siewert: "Where'd you get the black eye?"
Newbright: "It's in mourning for the guy that gave it to me."

H. Maza: "I broke my nose in three places last night."
Franklin Benjamine: "Why don't you keep away from such places?"

—"The hardest work of a teacher is putting abstract ideas into a concrete head."

Miss Paschall: "Why did Milton write 'Paradise Lost'."
Olga T.: "Maybe his wife returned from her vacation."

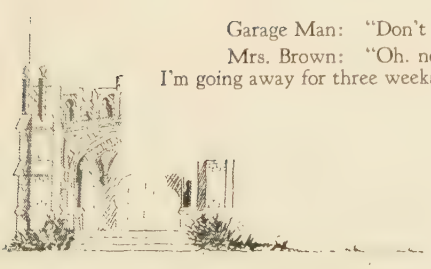
K. Woodman: "Suppose you had half an apple and I gave you another half. How much have you?
L. Schenck: "A whole apple."
K. Woodman: "Well then, suppose you had a half dollar and I gave you another half dollar. What would you have then?"
L. Schenck: "A fit."

POOR FATHER

Walter Dow: "Pa, what's a family tie?"
Father: "Mine, I expect. Every time I want it, one of you kids is wearing it."

Bobby: "Daddy, did you find your charm?"
Dad: "What charm."
Bobby: "Why, I heard mother say you'd lost the charm you had when you were young."

Garage Man: "Don't you think this is a little too much air for this tire madam?"
Mrs. Brown: "Oh. no, indeed. My husband said we should have sixty pounds every week, and I'm going away for three weeks."



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Mr. Youngquist: "How long did it take your wife to learn to drive?"
Mr. Pearsall: "It will be ten years in September."

Henpecked Husband: "Are you sure that was a marriage license you gave me last month?"
Clerk: "Of course! What's the matter?"
H. P. H.: "Well, nothing only I've lived a dog's life ever since."

Limerick: "What makes the train move so slowly?"
Conductor: "If you don't like it you can get off and walk."
Limerick: "I would, but I'm not expected until train time."

—We're short on jokes, they are so few.
—So don't be cross, if the joke's on you.

Kasey: "Would you accept a pet monkey?"
Babe: "Oh, I should have to ask father's consent. This is so sudden."

Miss Kimble: "Why were the 'Dark Ages' so called?"
M. Roth: "Because there were so many knights."

Customer: "What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?"
D. Bassett: "Nothing but bananas, ma'am."

—Title on animal film read—"The ostrich sees very little— on the other hand it digests everything.'
—"Gee, what an ideal husband an ostrich would make."

Mrs. Brown: "Now, Glen, how would you punctuate this sentence: "As Glen pulled out his handkerchief, a dollar bill, which had fluttered out of his pocket, was borne away by the wind?"
Glen Cole: "Make a dash after it!"

J. Wickenden (in French): "Ce qui est belle n'est pas toujours bonne!"
Miss Ryan: "Why have you made your adjective feminine?"
Jimmie: "I thought everything that was beautiful was feminine."

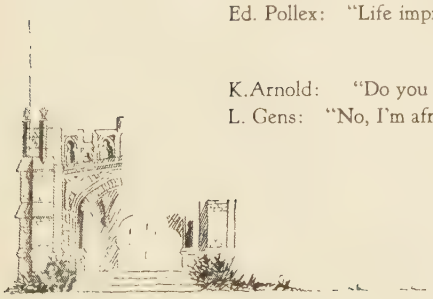
D. Watters (after Spanish exam.): "That exam today was easy; I knew every question. Only trouble was I didn't know the answers."

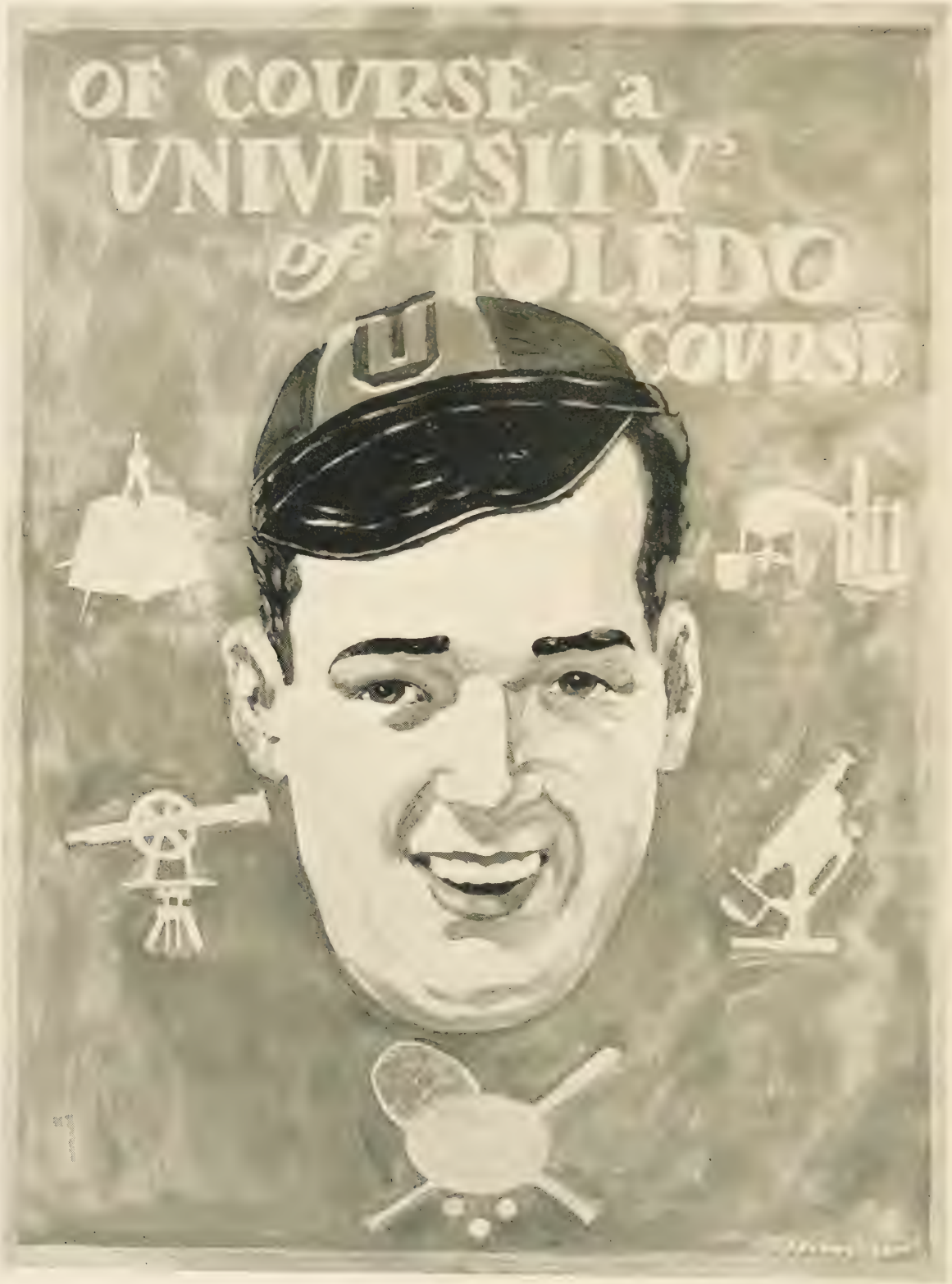
CLEAR AS MUD

Sasse: "Why did your dad say I reminded him of a telescope?"
Austin: "Because you're so easy to see thru, and you magnify everything so!"

Mr. Severance: "What is the longest sentence you know?"
Ed. Pollex: "Life imprisonment."

K.Arnold: "Do you ever play on the piano?"
L. Gens: "No, I'm afraid I'd fall off."

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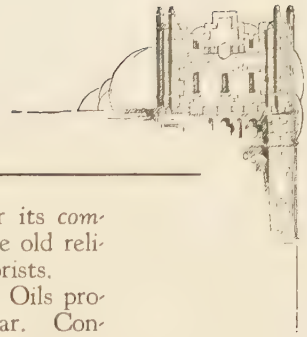

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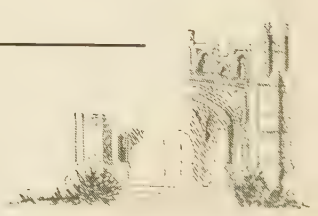

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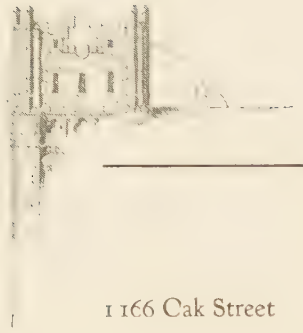

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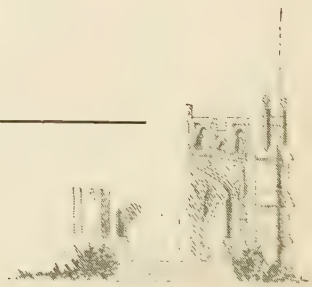

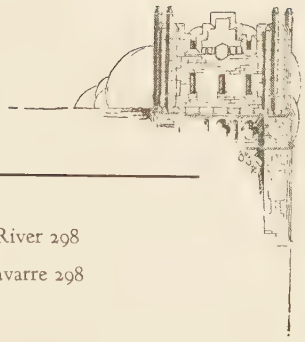

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only in the

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by

Dick Meade

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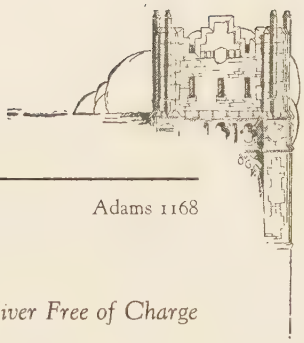

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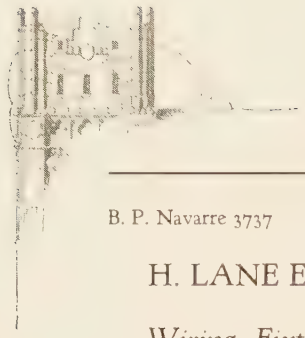

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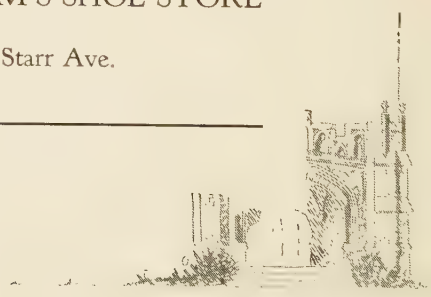

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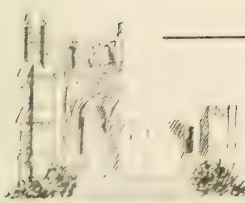

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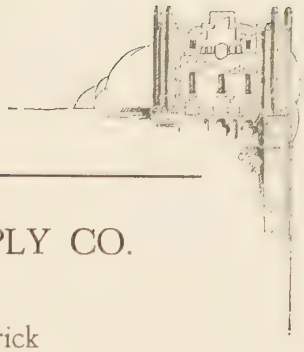

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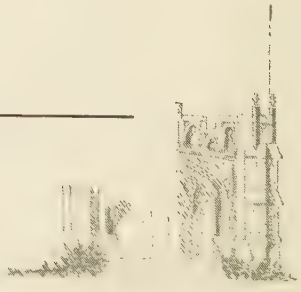

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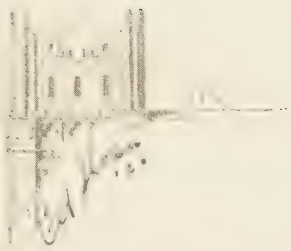


Autographs

Kathleen King "25"
Mildred King "25"
Margaret [illegible] "25"
Kenneth Pope "25"
Florence Perry '25 Sec"
Harold [illegible] '27
Cloyd [illegible]
[illegible] '25

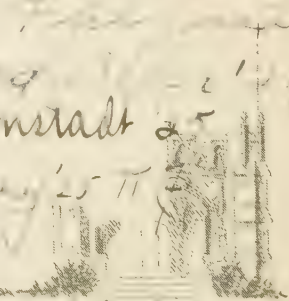
Edmund Kiger '27
Harry R. Nelson '27
Lester J. Herman '24
[illegible] '25
Laurence Schwingle '27
Fredric Hansen '25
Marion Brown "Brownie" 24
Rhoda Machlup '25
Helen Adner '25 "Zet"
[illegible] '25
Wilson Wertz - '25
[illegible] '25
[illegible]
Dorothy Romstadt '25
[illegible]

[illegible] "25"
[illegible] '24
Kenneth [illegible] '27
[illegible]

[illegible]
Marguerite Kiger '25
[illegible]
Viola Kiger '25

Martha [illegible] '25
[illegible] '25

George Wallace '25
[illegible]



Autographs

Autographs

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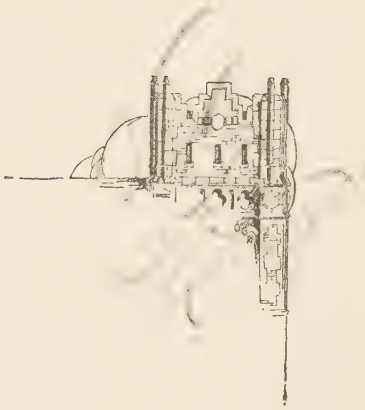
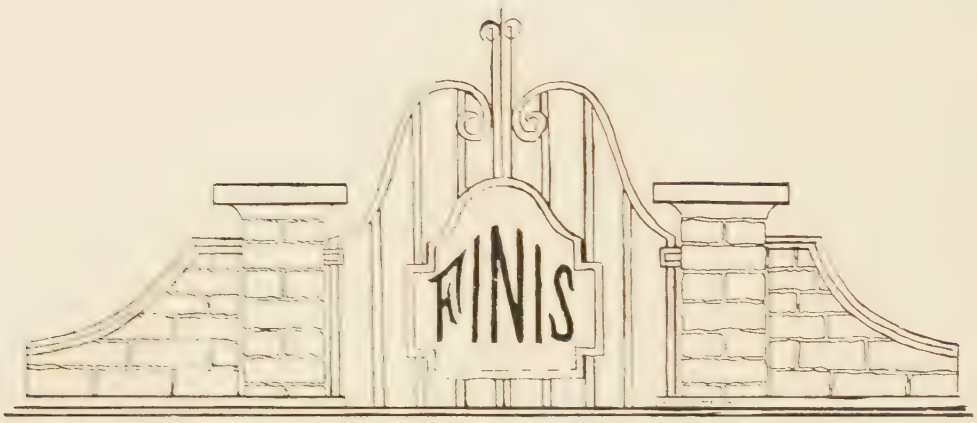
Mildred Wolff '24
Donald Dunn '26
Elizabeth Rud
Virma
Wolf Morse '25
Richard Bowman '27
Clara Jump '25
Lowell Wagner '25
Alberta Munns '25
Meredith
Clyde E. Swing
Marguerite Jack '25
Edith Hesman '25
James Sherry '25
Dorothy A. Batchelor '25
Eddie Ford '26
Muriel Meehan '25



Autographs

Esther Seear.
Martin E. Hollensen — "Capital A".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